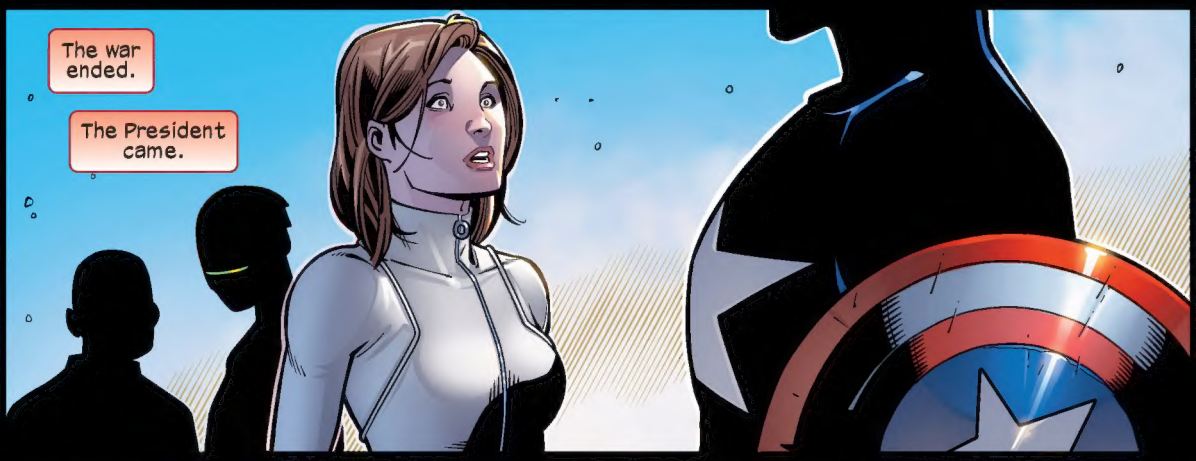
MARVEL

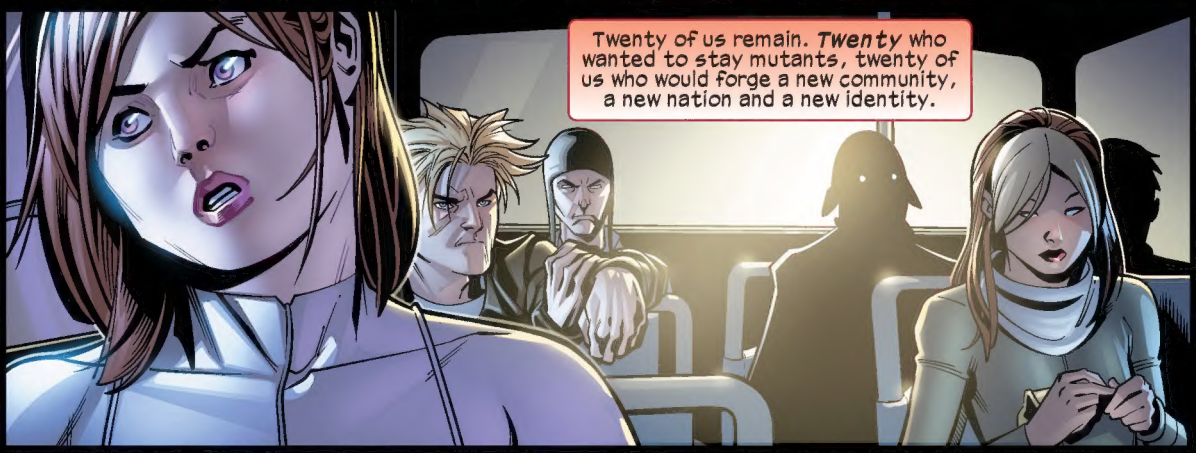
ULTIMATE COMICS™

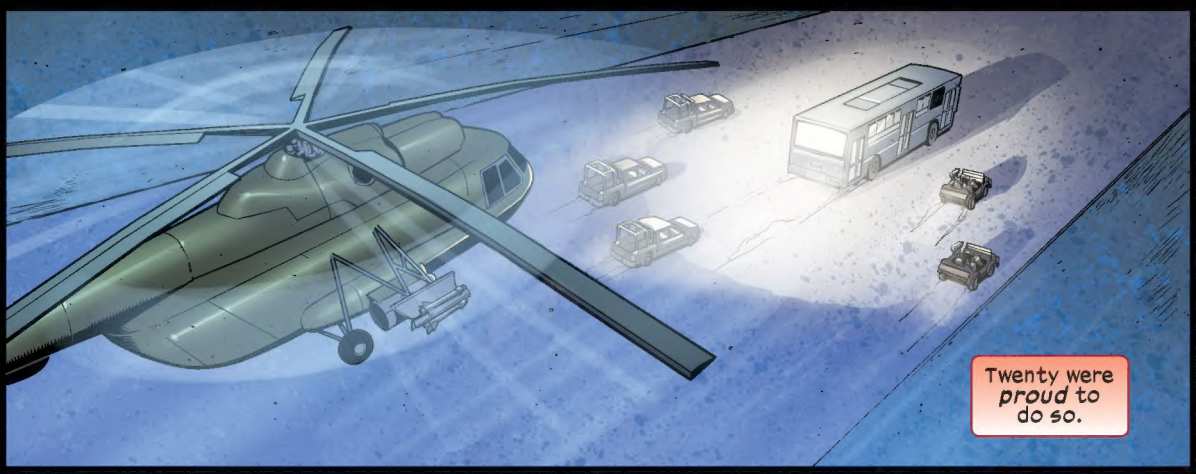
X-MEN®

WOOD • ANDRADE • MEDINA • BARBERI


The war ended.
The President came.

The politics were weighed and the decision was made.
The serum, the "*cure*," was offered and most of us took it.
RED BAD

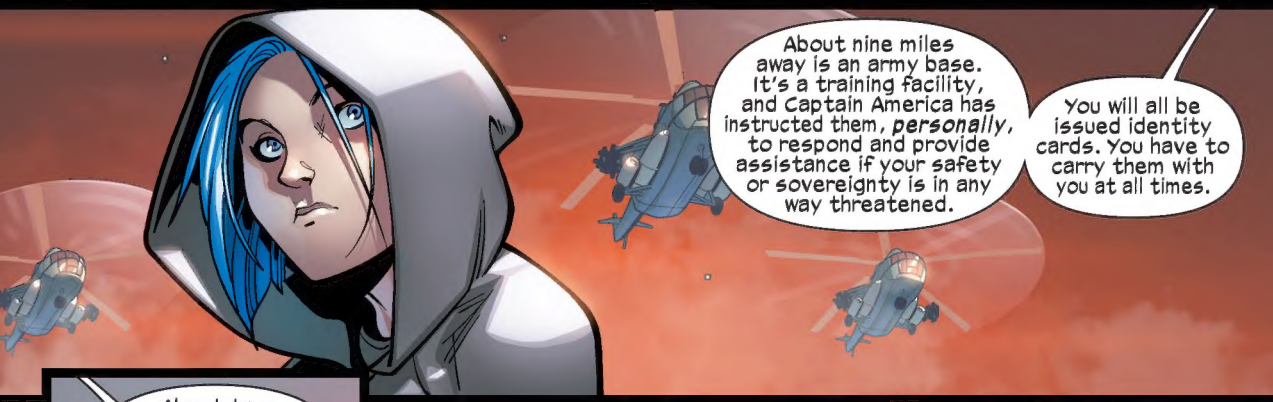

Twenty of us remain. *Twenty* who wanted to stay mutants, twenty of us who would forge a new community, a new nation and a new identity.


Twenty were *proud* to do so.

THE GRAND NATIONAL EXPERIMENTAL RANGE.
UTAH.
Where are we?
Southwestern Utah. About as far away from civilization as you can get in the lower 48.
And it's all yours. Sign here, kid.
Give it to me, I'll sign. What is this?
Your deed. You'll *own* the place, roughly eighteen miles in all directions. The government used to maintain this place, some sort of Hoover-era proving grounds.
They can't even get mountain goats to survive here now. If the lack of water doesn't kill them, the alkali in the soil does.
Fantastic.
If you ask me, you're getting a bad deal. I'd follow Captain America to hell and back if he asked me, but no way would I try and settle out here.

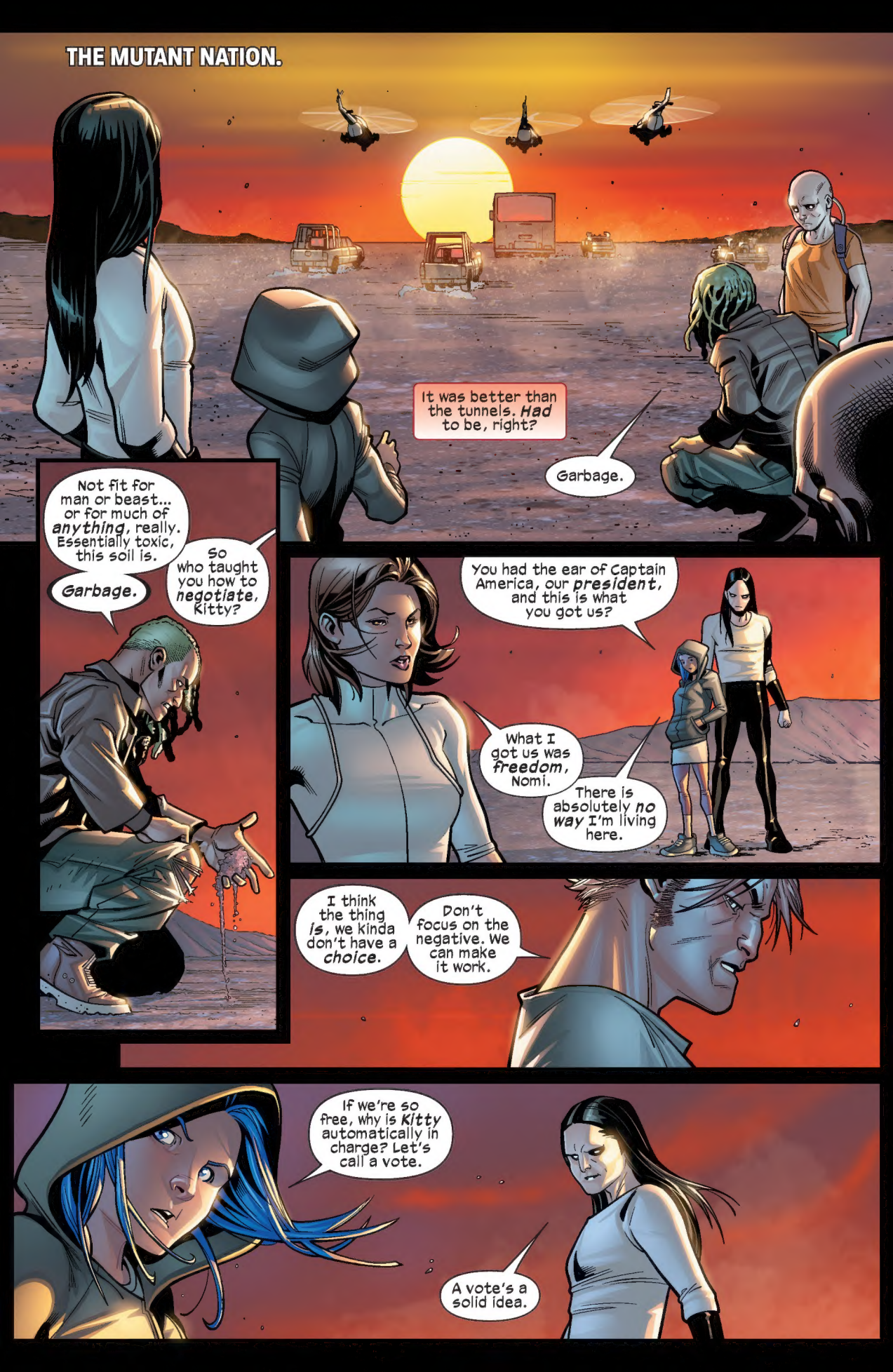
It's the deal they gave us. Anything else?

Just a few details.
This is now sovereign land. It is no longer part of the United States in any legal or practical way. The laws of the land do not apply, and you are no longer American citizens.
That means you have to stay inside your own borders. Come out, and you'll be considered *illegals*.
Around here, that typically means you get *shot* at.

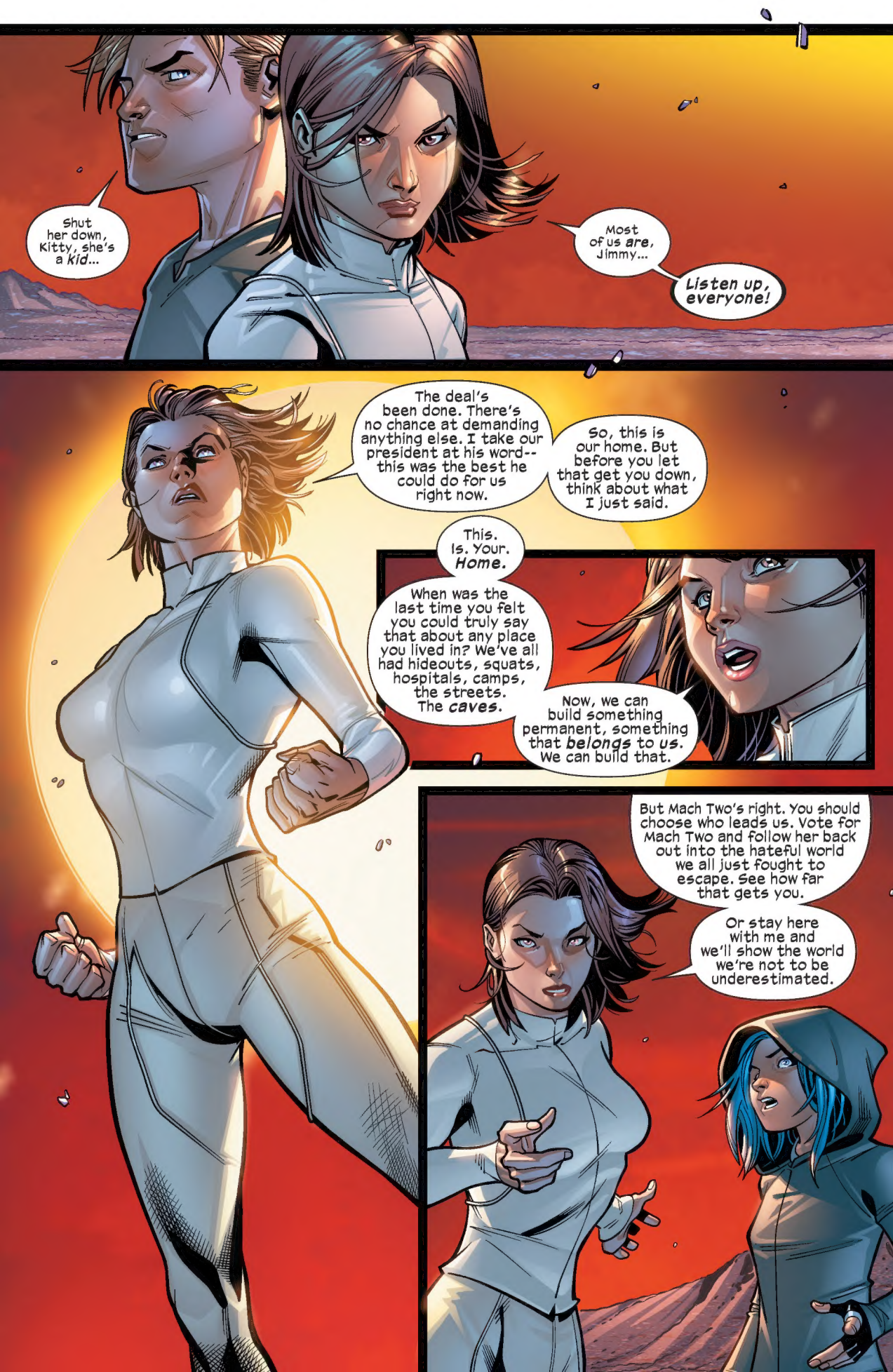

About nine miles away is an army base. It's a training facility, and Captain America has instructed them, *personally*, to respond and provide assistance if your safety or sovereignty is in any way threatened.
You will all be issued identity cards. You have to carry them with you at all times.

About two miles roughly northwest of here are limited plumbing and electrical hookups. FEMA will be delivering basic shelters to that location by noon today.
Here's your receipt.

You're seriously going to give me a *receipt?*
Hey, why not? It's all yours now.
Take care. Just so you know, I have nothing against you all. Good luck out there.


THE MUTANT NATION.
It was better than the tunnels. Had to be, right?
Garbage.
Not fit for man or beast... or for much of anything, really. Essentially toxic, this soil is.
Garbage.
So who taught you how to negotiate, Kitty?
You had the ear of Captain America, our president, and this is what you got us?
What I got us was freedom, Nomi.
There is absolutely no way I'm living here.
I think the thing is, we kinda don't have a choice.
Don't focus on the negative. We can make it work.
If we're so free, why is Kitty automatically in charge? Let's call a vote.
A vote's a solid idea.

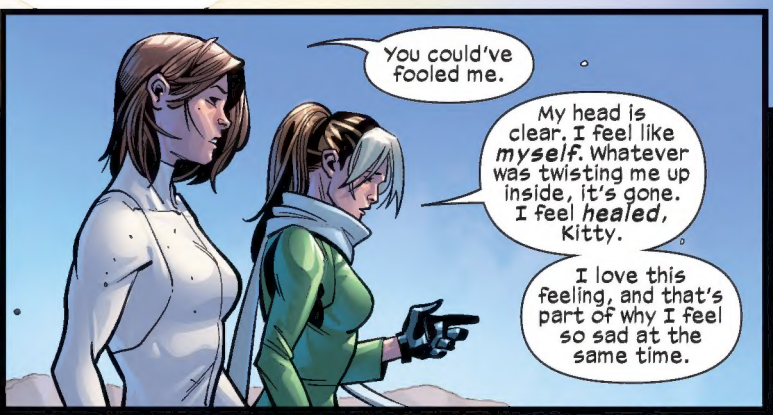
The start of a brand new nation deserves a new leader! Of the people, by the people, right? I came out of the same tunnels Kitty did. She's not that special.
We don't have to stay here! We can demand better land!
We fought down an *army* of *Sentinels!*
Kitty Pryde fought the Sentinels.
Show some respect. You came way late to the show. Kitty rallied us into an army. She brought back the *head* of a Nimrod. She took down the Stryker-bot, whatever the hell that thing was.
As I recall, most of what *you* did in the tunnels was watch YouTube videos and talk about boys and complain in general.
Hey, Rogue, still hearing voices? Still tweaked in the head? Still think you see ghosts?
No...
...Not anymore, Nomi.
Everything's *real clear* these days.

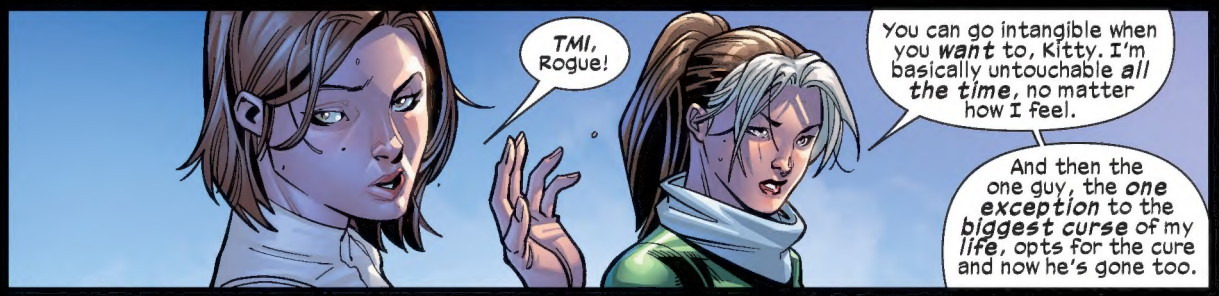

Shut her down, Kitty, she's a *kid*...
Most of us *are*, Jimmy...
Listen up, everyone!
The deal's been done. There's no chance at demanding anything else. I take our president at his word--this was the best he could do for us right now.
So, this is our home. But before you let that get you down, think about what I just said.
This. Is. Your. *Home.*
When was the last time you felt you could truly say that about any place you lived in? We've all had hideouts, squats, hospitals, camps, the streets. The *caves*.
Now, we can build something permanent, something that *belongs* to *us*. We can build that.
But Mach Two's right. You should choose who leads us. Vote for Mach Two and follow her back out into the hateful world we all just fought to escape. See how far that gets you.
Or stay here with me and we'll show the world we're not to be underestimated.

Kitty.
OROROMUNROE / STORM
WEATHER MANIPULATION.
SAM SMITHERS / BLACKHEATH
PLANT MANIPULATION.
Kitty.
Mach Two. This land is garbage; I wouldn't let my dog pee here.
SETH VALE / NETWORK
TECHNOPATHY.
Kitty.
Kitty.
BOBBY DRAKE / ICEMAN
THERMOKINESIS.
HISAKO ICHIKI / ARMOR
PSIONIC BODY AUGMENTATION.
JAMES PROUDSTAR / WARPATH
SUPER-STRENGTH/SPEED.
Mach Two.
Kitty Pryde.
AMARA AQUILLA / MAGMA
FIRE AND MANTLE
MANIPULATION.
Kitty.
Mach Two.
Mach Two. We can do better than this. FEMA trailers? We should be insulted.
SCOTT WRIGHT / MICROMAX
MASS/SIZE MANIPULATION.
NOMI BLUME / MACH TWO
METAL MANIPULATION.
BETSY BRADDOCK / PSYLOCKE
TELEPATHY / TELEKINESIS.
Mach Two. Look past her age, her idea is a good one.
SHOLA INKOSI
TELEKINESIS.
JIMMY HUDSON
RAPID HEALING / CLAWS.
MARIAN CARLYLE / ROGUE
POWER ABSORPTION.
Kitty. Come on, people.
Abstaining.
Kitty.
Kitty Pryde. Here, let me show you all something.
KITTY PRYDE
INTANGIBILITY.
KENJI UEDO / ZERO
TECHNO-ORGANIC
MANIPULATION.

The soldier said the settlement's two miles northwest.
Sam called this land garbage.
It is actually quite beautiful. Very dense, molecularly speaking. Lots going on. I can work with this nicely.
When I was in the caves, I would never dream of using my abilities. I was made to feel ashamed.
I have Kitty to thank for rescuing me from that self-destructive mindset. I was once an *artist*.
So if you please...
...Our path forward is obvious. Kitty Pryde has earned my respect, and so my vote.
And by my count, that means she wins.
Learn a lesson here, kid. Actions lead to popularity, and popularity to power. Kitty Pryde earned her votes. Doesn't matter that she's wrong.
So stop pouting and think about the future.

"And make sure your *next* move sticks."



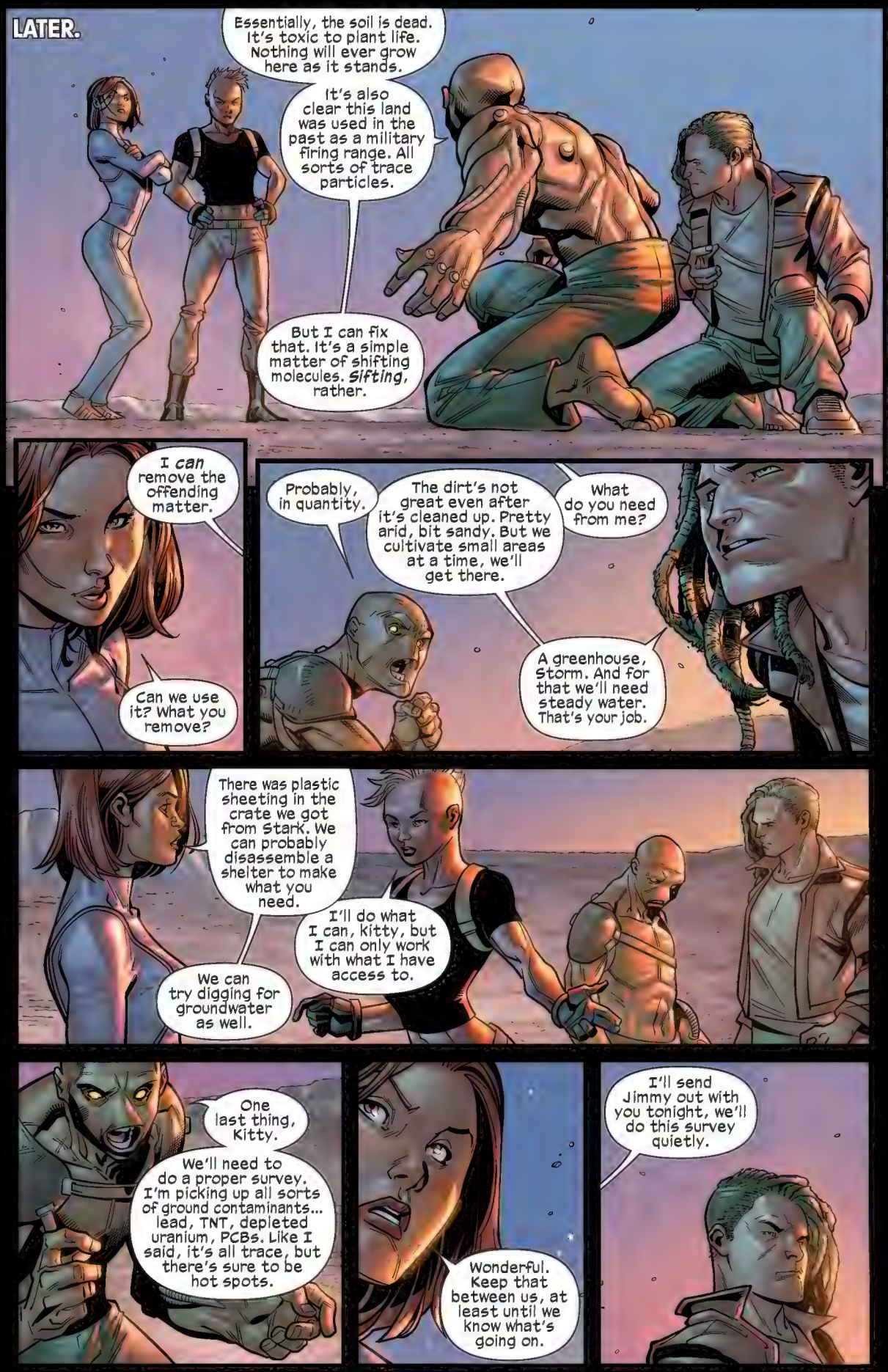


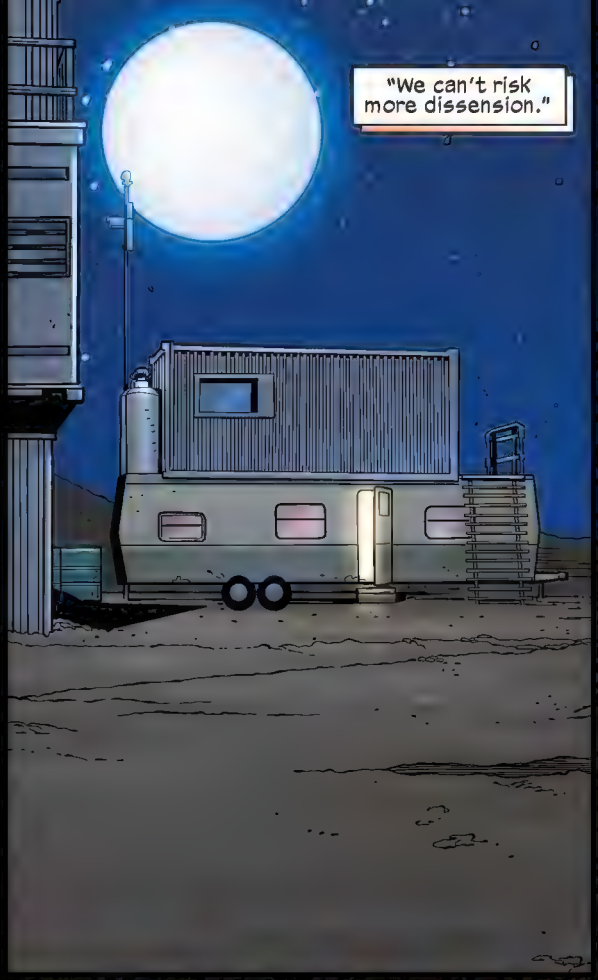
All you had to do was ask, Plant Boy.
Kitty, it's cool?
Please, Ororo.
Not bad, chickie. You and I should get together and compare notes. We could do wonders for the place.
They stick us in the salt flats, and we give it its first proper rainfall in a millennium!
Haha!
This is so amazing!
So amazing.
SMEK

THE FIRST MUTANT NATION SETTLEMENT, DUBBED "UTOPIA."
The sight of the camp shut us up quick.
Twenty metal shipping containers. To call these "*shelters*" was pretty much insulting.
We set to work organizing them into something resembling a community. "*Utopia*," sneered Blackheath, and the name stuck.
It gave us something to keep joking about as we assessed what our government...our ex-government...saw fit to give us.
Water. Silty, slight salt taste. Zero confirmed it was drinkable. Storm can bring rainwater down on us, when the conditions permit.
She needs weather over the Sierra Nevadas to send moisture down here. We can't count on a steady supply.
The bartering and hoarding started immediately. Nomi's people claimed a block of trailers to themselves.
Less than 72 hours ago we were a united front against a common enemy...
...now we're drawing up sides against each other.
We had shelter and water, but we needed *food*.

WHUP WHUP
WHUPWHUPWHUPWHUP
Blackheath and Zero assured me they could reengineer the soil and grow food. We were weeks away from that, at a minimum.
General Fury either knew that, or he was just being kind.
Stark Industries aid package. A S.H.I.E.L.D. helicopter. This was restricted airspace, so I like to think the President knew about it as well, and was supporting us.
STARK INDUSTRIES
KRREEEEKKK
It reminded us that we still had some friends out there.

Special delivery, Kitty.
Someone's got a secret admirer.
FROM ONE FREEDOM FIGHTER TO ANOTHER. THE WAR NEVER REALLY ENDS. KEEP THIS SECURE AND KEEP YOURSELF ALIVE.
WITH RESPECT, FURY.
And plenty of enemies as well.


LATER.
Essentially, the soil is dead. It's toxic to plant life. Nothing will ever grow here as it stands.
It's also clear this land was used in the past as a military firing range. All sorts of trace particles.
But I can fix that. It's a simple matter of shifting molecules. *Sifting*, rather.
I *can* remove the offending matter.
Can we use it? What you remove?
Probably, in quantity.
The dirt's not great even after it's cleaned up. Pretty arid, bit sandy. But we cultivate small areas at a time, we'll get there.
What do you need from me?
A greenhouse, Storm. And for that we'll need steady water. That's your job.
There was plastic sheeting in the crate we got from Stark. We can probably disassemble a shelter to make what you need.
We can try digging for groundwater as well.
I'll do what I can, kitty, but I can only work with what I have access to.
One last thing, Kitty.
We'll need to do a proper survey. I'm picking up all sorts of ground contaminants... lead, TNT, depleted uranium, PCBs. Like I said, it's all trace, but there's sure to be hot spots.
Wonderful. Keep that between us, at least until we know what's going on.
I'll send Jimmy out with you tonight, we'll do this survey quietly.


"We can't risk more dissension."

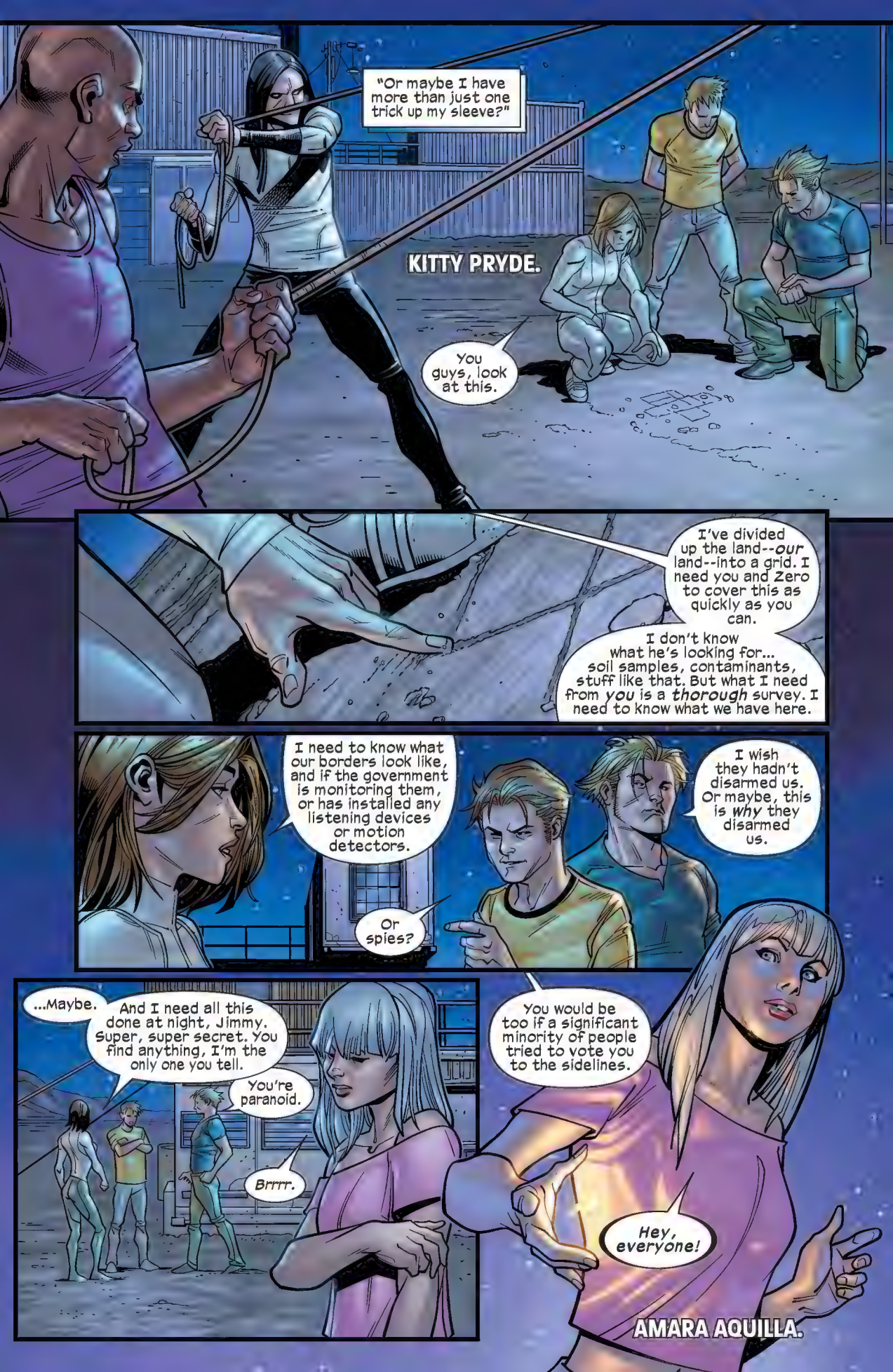
What I don't get, is why are you telling me this if you're working *with* Kitty on the soil project.
MACH TWO.

We all gotta *eat*, don't we? Plants are what I do, Nomi.
That reminds me...

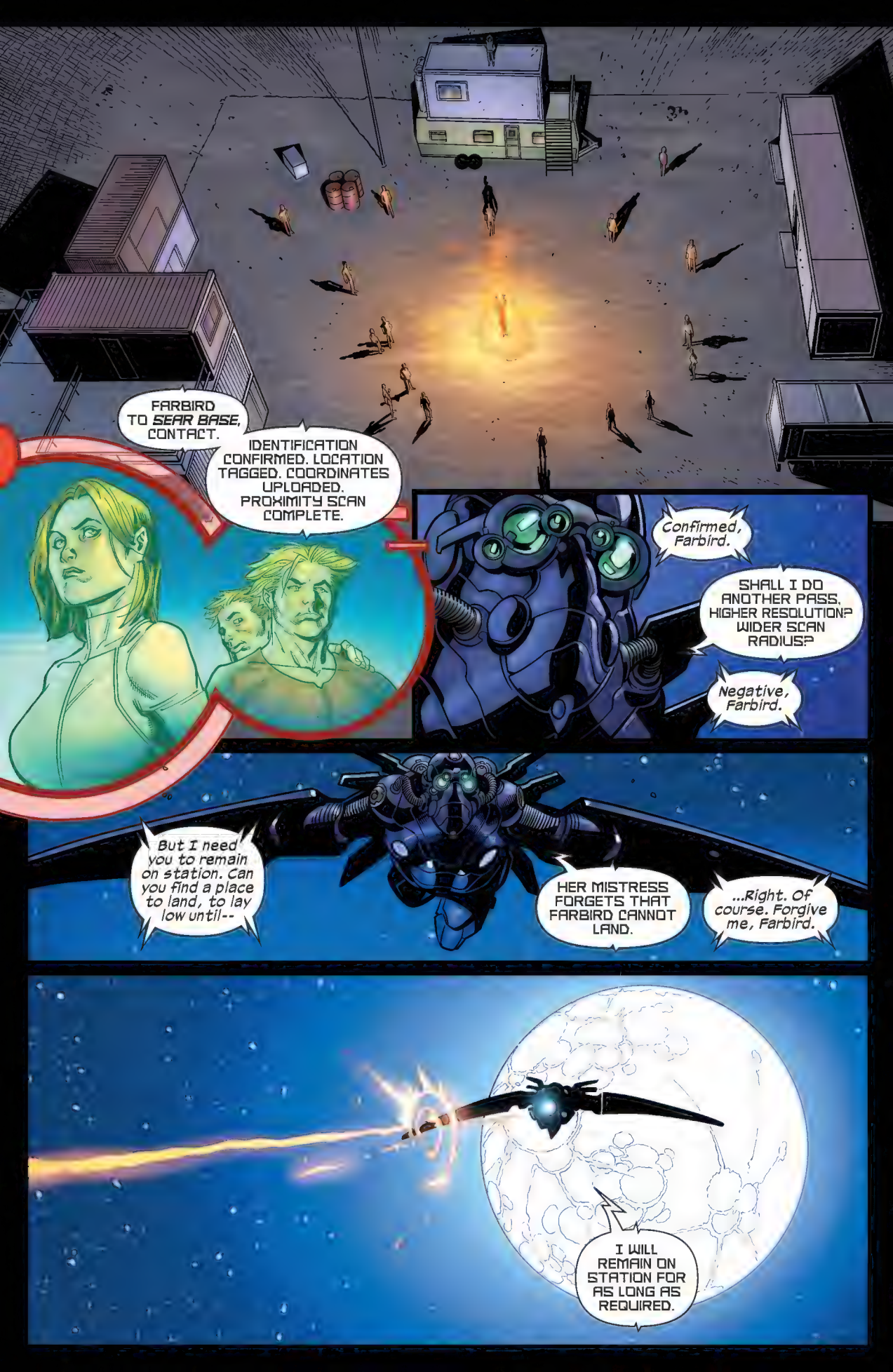
...Just what is it exactly that *you* do? It suddenly occurs to me I may be linking my fortunes to some wee girl whose only power may be to sprout interesting colored patches of hair.
Look outside.

What the WHHHHOOOOOAAA...

...AAAAOOOOOOKAYEAAH!!
Quite impressive!
If it's metal, I can move it.
So, are we cool now?
Hell yeah, we're cool. Consider me officially in your camp, chickadee. My eyes and ears are your eyes and ears.
But let me ask you: why "Mach Two"? What does that have to do with metal?
Maybe it's just the name of this shade of blue hair color.


"Or maybe I have more than just one trick up my sleeve?"
KITTY PRYDE.
You guys, look at this.
I've divided up the land--*our* land--into a grid. I need you and Zero to cover this as quickly as you can.
I don't know what he's looking for... soil samples, contaminants, stuff like that. But what I need from *you* is a *thorough* survey. I need to know what we have here.
I need to know what our borders look like, and if the government is monitoring them, or has installed any listening devices or motion detectors.
Or spies?
I wish they hadn't disarmed us. Or maybe, this is *why* they disarmed us.
...Maybe.
And I need all this done at night, Jimmy. Super, super secret. You find anything, I'm the only one you tell.
You're paranoid.
Brrrr.
You would be too if a significant minority of people tried to vote you to the sidelines.
Hey, everyone!
AMARA AQUILLA.

AKA MAGMA.
Come on! Let's celebrate!
Day one at "Utopia," our first day as free people, as free mutants. Even if we had to give everything else up to get it, it was still a good thing.
I felt the terrible burden of the handgun Fury gave me. It was almost as if it had a gravity well, that it was trying to pull me towards it, tempting me to pick it up. To use it.
I was convinced of one thing for sure: if we were to thrive, violence could not be part of our system. I put down my gun, like Fury told me.
It may have been a necessary evil, but collectively, we can be better than that.
Tomorrow I'll have the gun destroyed.
Nomi? Send Warpath to search Kitty Pryde's trailer.
Understood, Psylocke.
He'll know what he's looking for when he sees it.


FARBIRD TO SEAR BASE, CONTACT.
IDENTIFICATION CONFIRMED. LOCATION TAGGED. COORDINATES UPLOADED. PROXIMITY SCAN COMPLETE.
Confirmed, Farbird.
SHALL I DO ANOTHER PASS, HIGHER RESOLUTION? WIDER SCAN RADIUS?
Negative, Farbird.
But I need you to remain on station. Can you find a place to land, to lay low until--
HER MISTRESS FORGETS THAT FARBIRD CANNOT LAND.
...Right. Of course. Forgive me, Farbird.
I WILL REMAIN ON STATION FOR AS LONG AS REQUIRED.

KAREN GRANT
MISTRESS OF SEAR.
Thank you, Farbird. Your service honors us.
Keep me updated, no matter how mundane.
I want to know *exactly* what Kitty Pryde is doing down there.
TO BE CONTINUED...

MARVEL

ISSUE 20

RESERVATION X

JOHNSON

ULTIMATE COMICS™

X-MEN

WOOD • BARBERI • VLASCO • ABURTOV

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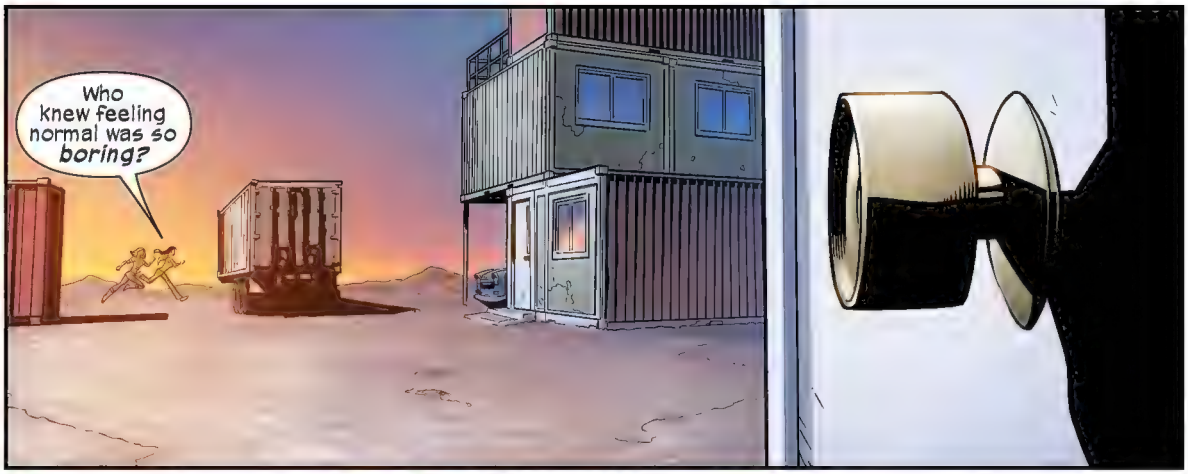
UTOPIA.
JIMMY HUDSON.

THE SETTLEMENT.
What are you doing?
AMARA aka MAGMA.
Nothing!
HISAKO aka ARMOR.

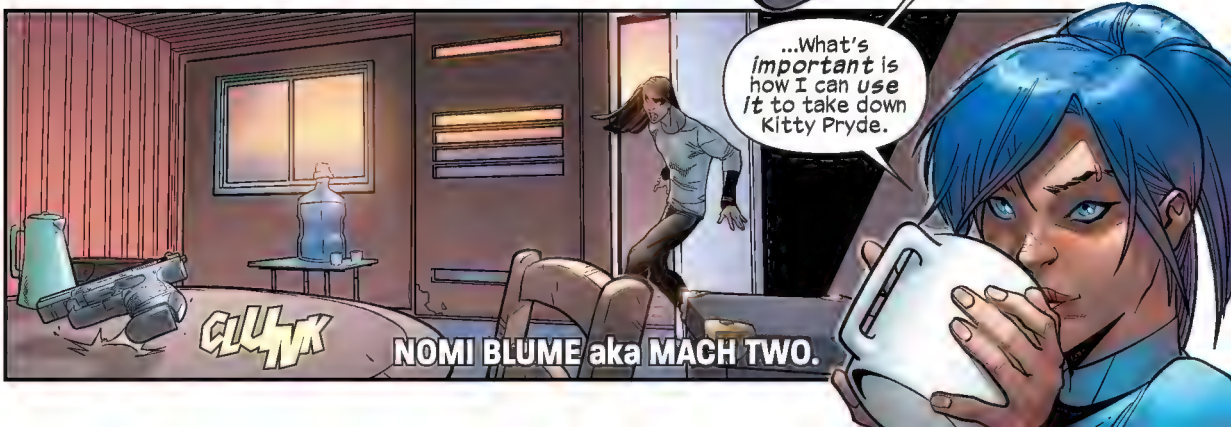
MARIAN CARLYLE aka ROGUE.
You sleep okay?
Yeah...
Fine. You?
KITTY PRYDE.
...More or less.
You wanna talk about it?
Not really. There's not much to say.


Who knew feeling normal was so *boring?*

There go the cheerleaders.
Stop ogling them.
JAMES PROUDSTAR aka WARPATH.

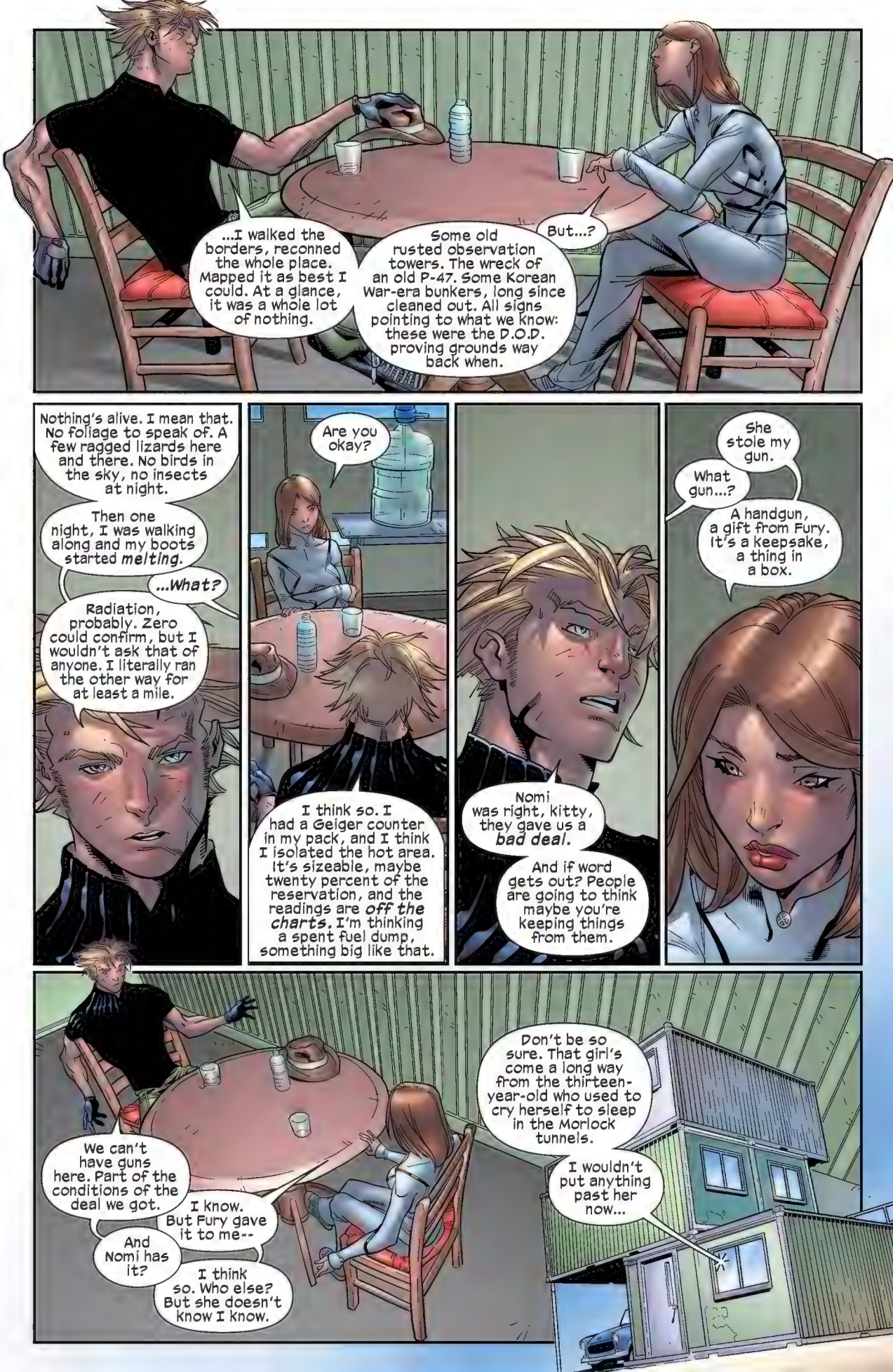
I'm not--
so cliché.
Are you sure she doesn't know you swiped her gun?

I'm sure. She hid it pretty well, so she probably won't realize it's gone until she specifically goes looking for it.
I don't know why you wanted it so bad.
Most everyone here has powers that can outperform a *gun*.


The gun itself isn't what's important...
...What's *important* is how I can *use it* to take down Kitty Pryde.
CLUNK
NOMI BLUME aka MACH TWO.

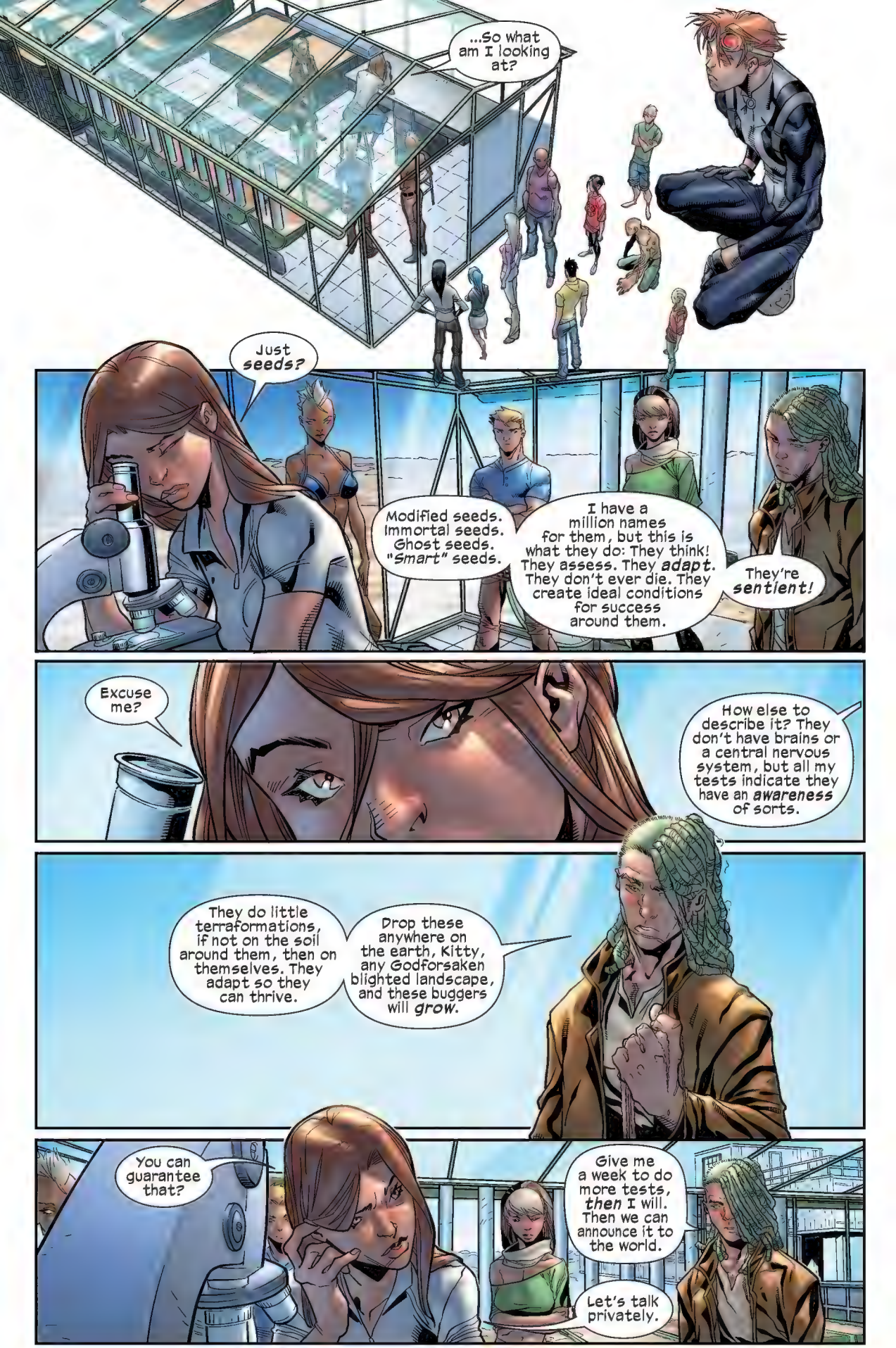
THE FIRST MUTANT NATION SETTLEMENT.
aka "UTOPIA."
RESERVATION X PART TWO
WOOD/BARBERI/VLASCO/ABURTOV

Were you seen coming in?
Hard to say. I've spent the last eight days in the desert. I got used to being alone.
I'm glad you're back, Jimmy.
...You are?
I feel like I'm surrounded by people who hate my guts. It's just nice to know you're here and supporting me no matter what.
Even if you smell like a week of sweat.
Now, tell me what you found.
Well, the first two nights I was security for Zero as he took soil samples. We covered a five-mile radius around the camp.
He said the samples tested fine. Some toxins, but nothing he can't screen out.
Then keep everyone within those five miles.
'Cuz after I started my solo recon...


...I walked the borders, reconned the whole place. Mapped it as best I could. At a glance, it was a whole lot of nothing.
Some old rusted observation towers. The wreck of an old P-47. Some Korean War-era bunkers, long since cleaned out. All signs pointing to what we know: these were the D.O.D. proving grounds way back when.
But...?
Nothing's alive. I mean that. No foliage to speak of. A few ragged lizards here and there. No birds in the sky, no insects at night.
Then one night, I was walking along and my boots started *melting*.
...What?
Radiation, probably. Zero could confirm, but I wouldn't ask that of anyone. I literally ran the other way for at least a mile.
Are you okay?
I think so. I had a Geiger counter in my pack, and I think I isolated the hot area. It's sizeable, maybe twenty percent of the reservation, and the readings are *off the charts*. I'm thinking a spent fuel dump, something big like that.
Nomi was right, kitty, they gave us a *bad deal*.
And if word gets out? People are going to think maybe you're keeping things from them.
She stole my gun.
What gun...?
A handgun, a gift from Fury. It's a keepsake, a thing in a box.
We can't have guns here. Part of the conditions of the deal we got.
I know. But Fury gave it to me--
And Nomi has it?
I think so. Who else? But she doesn't know I know.
Don't be so sure. That girl's come a long way from the thirteen-year-old who used to cry herself to sleep in the Morlock tunnels.
I wouldn't put anything past her now...

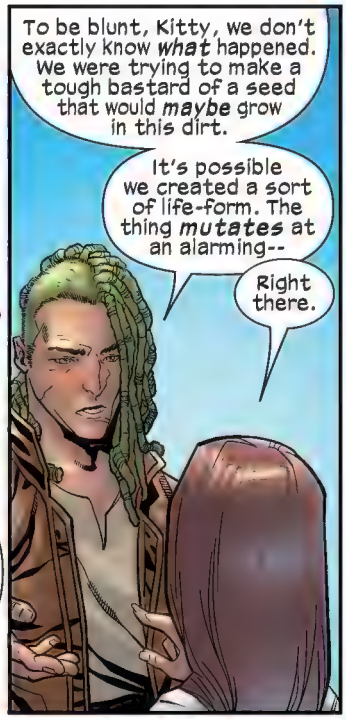
LATER.
I don't know what to tell you, Sam...
...I can't work with what's not here. Maybe, *maybe*, I can divert some precipitation from Yosemite, but they're dry as a bone too--
Never you mind. Come back in here.
ORORO MUNROE aka STORM.
I know you're doing what you can.
Which is a whole lot of *nothing*...
SAM SMITHERS aka BLACKHEATH.
...I just want to pull my weight.
You'll find a way.
Tell me, Ororo...
...you really think Kitty Pryde is up to the task of running this whole endeavor?
...
Uh-uh, Sam, don't you try and recruit me. Mach Two and her friends give me the *major creeps*.

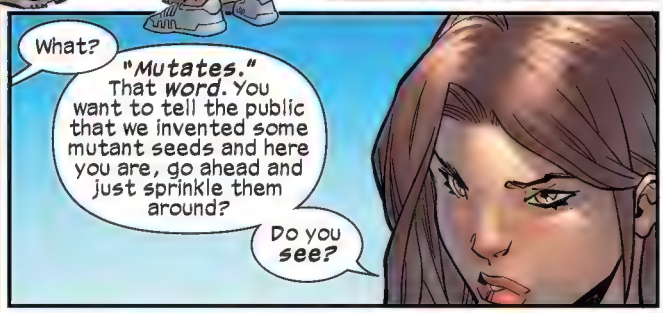
Kitty liberated the camps. That's all I need to know.
Fine, fair enough.
Just bear in mind, when the--
...
Why, hello there.
What?
Not to put you out of a job, my dear, but we may not be requiring your services after all. At least not as far as it concerns the growing of crops.
What does that mean?
I may not have liberated any camps like your *hero*, but I may have just *fed the planet.*
Wh--
It *means* run and fetch Kitty Pryde.
Right now, Storm.


...So what am I looking at?
Just seeds?
Modified seeds. Immortal seeds. Ghost seeds. "Smart" seeds.
I have a million names for them, but this is what they do: They think! They assess. They adapt. They don't ever die. They create ideal conditions for success around them.
They're sentient!
Excuse me?
How else to describe it? They don't have brains or a central nervous system, but all my tests indicate they have an awareness of sorts.
They do little terraformations, if not on the soil around them, then on themselves. They adapt so they can thrive.
Drop these anywhere on the earth, Kitty, any Godforsaken blighted landscape, and these buggers will grow.
You can guarantee that?
Give me a week to do more tests, then I will. Then we can announce it to the world.
Let's talk privately.

A little discretion, Sam...
What on earth are you on about? We just invented something that will literally *change the planet.*
Tell me how you invented it.
We needed to encourage growth. Zero had "*cleaned*" a bit of soil, removed contaminants and the like. Storm sucked whatever ambient moisture this wasteland has in its air and we created a biosphere of sorts in the greenhouse.

Zero and I did some genetic tinkering on some suicide seeds that came in the Stark care package. We wanted to turn the termination genes off, right? And we did that.


To be blunt, Kitty, we don't exactly know *what* happened. We were trying to make a tough bastard of a seed that would *maybe* grow in this dirt.
It's possible we created a sort of life-form. The thing *mutates* at an alarming--
Right there.


What?
"*Mutates.*" That *word.* You want to tell the public that we invented some mutant seeds and here you are, go ahead and just sprinkle them around?
Do you *see?*

So what do you suggest?
If we created it, we own it. And if we own it, we have a bigger situation than we can handle.

Do your tests, tell me what you come up with. I'll work on the business end of this.
I think I know who to call.

ELSEWHERE.
Marian Carlyle.
Who's there?
Psylocke. Not...him. Fascinating. A girl like you, with a boyfriend?
How does that work, exactly?
Ah, I see. He must be a special guy.
But he took the cure? Aw, poor Marian. No one to touch you now.
Who would want to?
I deserve to be alone.
The first step is admitting you have a problem.
Enough about your lame boyfriend drama. Let's talk about Kitty Pryde.

She's in more trouble than she knows. She's a fool to trust in Captain America. You know those soldiers out there who're supposed to watch over us?
I've been talking to them. I'm in their heads too.
They aren't going to lift a finger to save us.
Poor Marian again. Your old friend Kitty's gonna let you down.
Stop this!
Maybe you should have taken the cure too? You're having second thoughts, I can see them.
You and that Bobby Drake.
What about Bobby?
A couple of sad cases you two are. Pining after those you can't have, loyal to a leader who is in way over her head.
Tragic.
This isn't real.
I'm the new voice in your head, Marian.
I think I like it here.
Gasp!

Rogue isn't the *only* one with nightmares.
I put down the guns and renounced violence. It had to be that way. The mutant resistance was a fight for freedom, not a fight to conquer. And we won.
Barely twenty of us remain, so a peaceful philosophy is the only sane option. This is what Mach Two fails to understand. She sees a group of powerful mutants and wants to use them to punish humanity.
But I have a better way.
Not to punish, but to prove our worth. To justify the violence.
I carry a lot of guilt and a lot of responsibility.

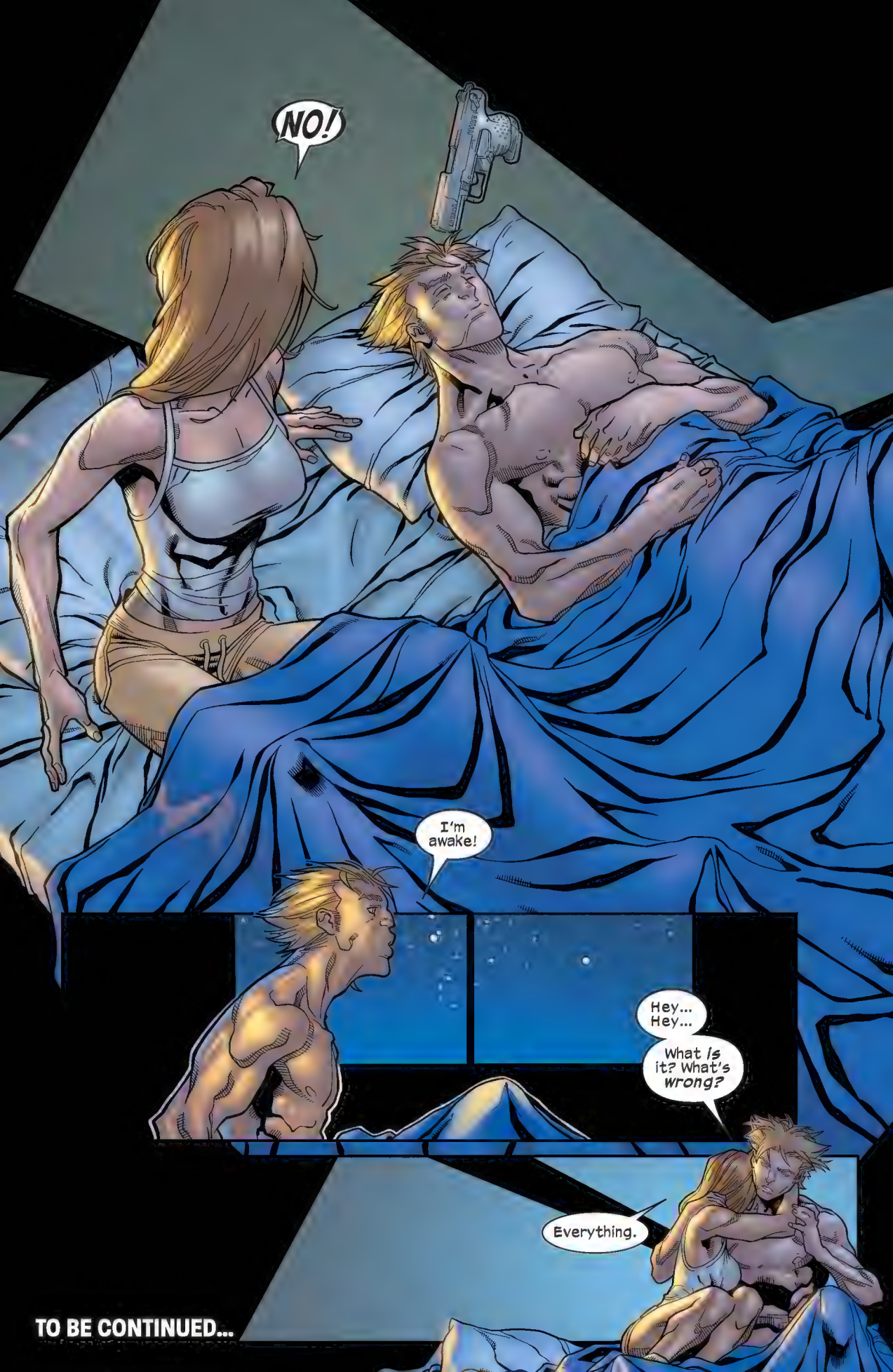
DAYS LATER.
How did you...?
I have one number in my phone book.
Luckily that person knows this one.
Who's in charge here?
TONY STARK aka IRON MAN.
Kitty Pryde. Welcome to Utopia, Mr. Stark.
Oh, is that what this is? I'll have to take your word for it.
So, Ms. Pryde...
...You have something to show me?

Ah.
This is it, then? For all this talk of a super seed, Mr. Blackheath, I expected to find acres of lush gardens. This looks like a second grader's science experiment.
I planted these just five minutes before you arrived.
The same "*base*" seed into different soil recipes. It's already mutated into four different strains of grain.
Well, *that's* a little more interesting.
You do realize what you're up against, don't you?
Genetically modified seed stock is a lucrative enterprise. Companies spend *billions* developing proprietary strains designed to protect that investment. Developing nations are, in fact, enslaved to a brand for just that reason.
What you have here is a *magic bullet* that could eliminate an entire industry, just like that.
That said, the benefits here are obvious. Distributed correctly, you could quite literally feed the world.
And you would be so rich your offspring wouldn't have to work for a *millennium*.
We want to give it away.

So I'm led to understand.
Does it matter that Stark Industries owns stock in agriculture concerns that will be impacted by this? Probably not.
I'll have my men bring the truck around.
Your truck?
Ms. Pryde. Captain America's a friend, not to mention the President. He presented a rather compelling case about your situation. I'm here to help.
I'm your new business affairs and military consultant.
In the next twenty-four hours, two things will happen for sure:
You and I will hold a press conference and announce your "gift" to the world. I have a team that will make that happen.
After that, possibly within a couple hours, this "Utopia" will be attacked.
What? By who?
I could make you a list, but it would be a long one.
They'll want to capture the seed if they can, but are just as likely to firebomb the whole place to ashes. But lucky for you...
...I have something to help with that, too.

Am I crazy to do this?
No crazier than before, when you announced we were all going to the Southwest to rile up the Sentinels.
Ha.
Am I crazy?
Basically, yeah.
But you've also had my back in *everything* since we left New York, and that's the sort of thing an armed revolutionary girl tends to notice.
I'm about to get a lot more negative attention, you know. Now might be the perfect time to find a little distance...
Or not.

NIGHTTIME.
CHK-CHAK
...
Don't do this, Nomi, this is madness.
Please.
...
What are you trying to prove, anyway? Is this just some desperate bid for attention?
You know I'll just phase and the bullet will pass--



TO BE CONTINUED...

MARVEL

ISSUE 21

WOOD • BARBERI • VLASCO • ABURTOV

ULTIMATE COMICS™

X-MEN®

RESERVATION X

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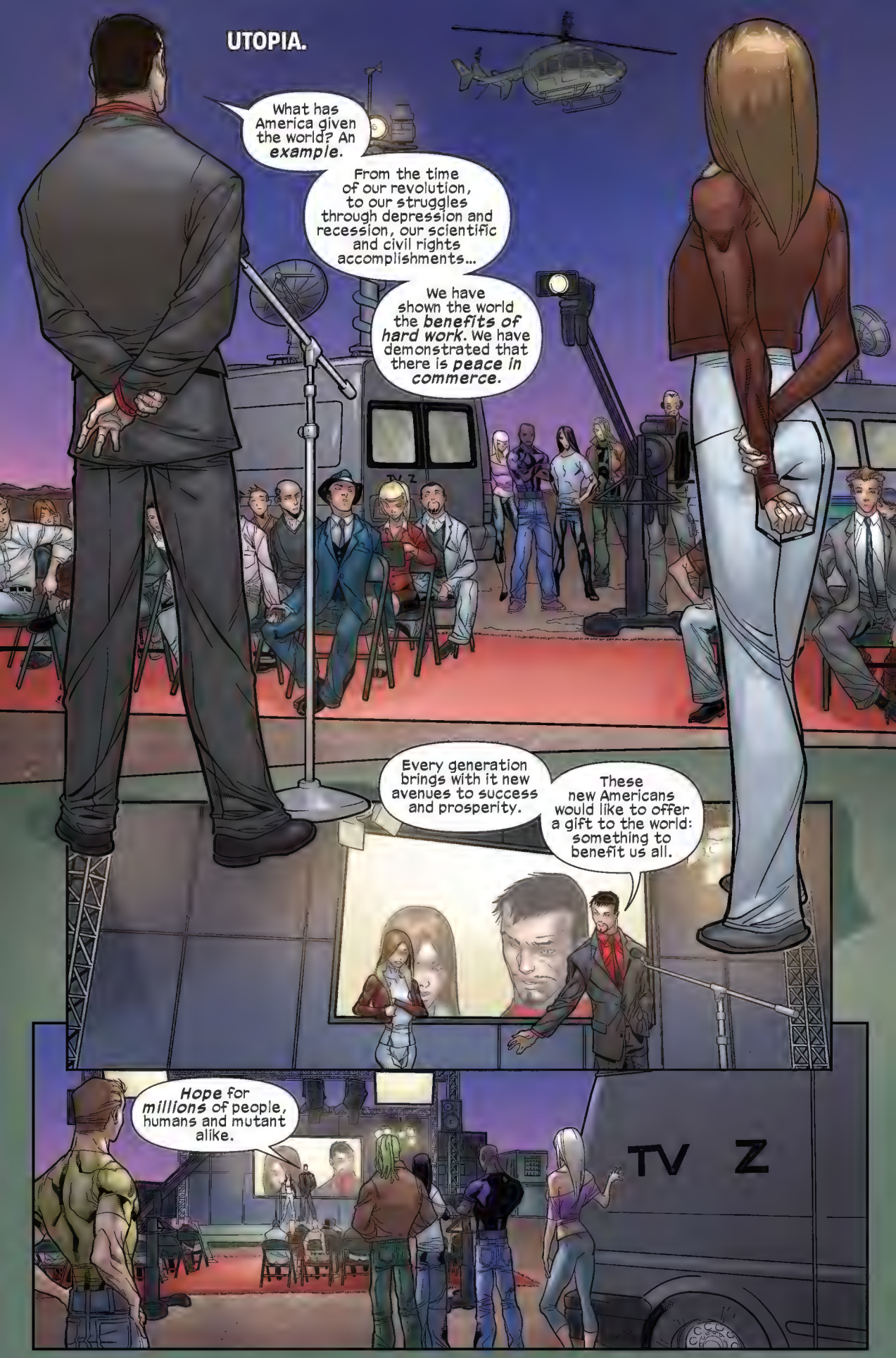
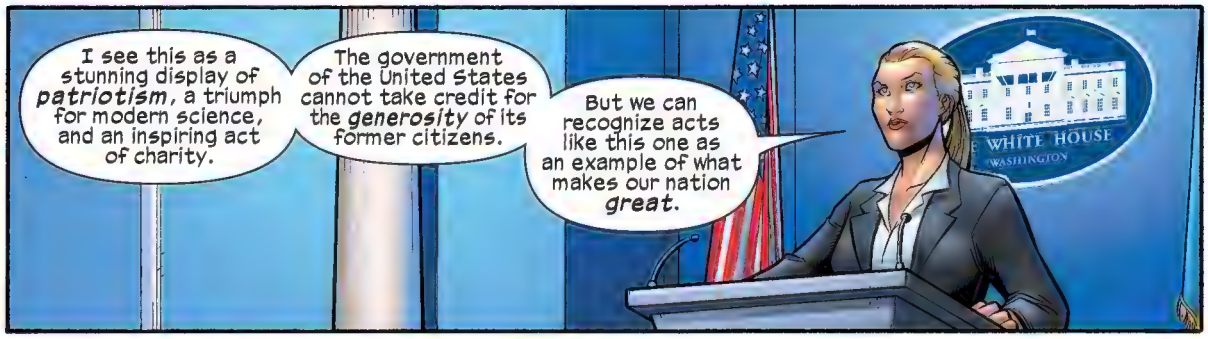

UTOPIA.
What has America given the world? An *example*.
From the time of our revolution, to our struggles through depression and recession, our scientific and civil rights accomplishments...
We have shown the world the *benefits of hard work*. We have demonstrated that there is *peace in commerce*.
Every generation brings with it new avenues to success and prosperity.
These new Americans would like to offer a gift to the world: something to benefit us all.
Hope for *millions* of people, humans and mutant alike.
TV Z

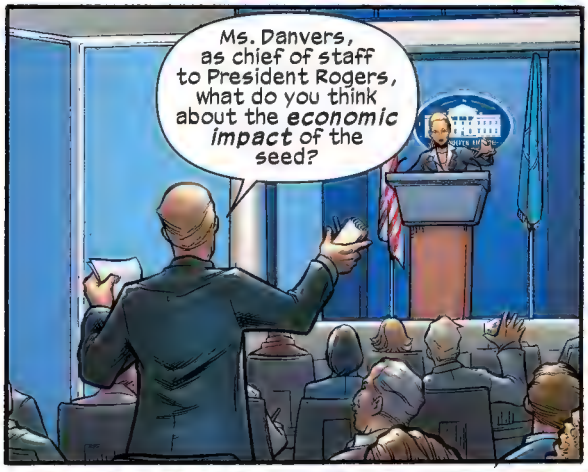
But I have spoken long enough. It's time you met an extraordinary young woman.
Ladies and gentlemen, the symbol of a new era of global change.
Go ahead, introduce yourself.
I'm Kitty Pryde.
And Mr. Stark is right. We have something amazing to offer the world. You might see it as an olive branch and it is, in a way.
It's also a seed.
I can't believe he made it all about her. She did it? She's the hero? Storm, you and Blackheath and Zero are just as much to--
Shh. I want to hear.
You may have come here to Utopia thinking that this lonely place was anything but paradise. That's what I thought, too.
That's what we all thought.
Since we got here, life hasn't been easy for us. But no one ever promised us an easy life.

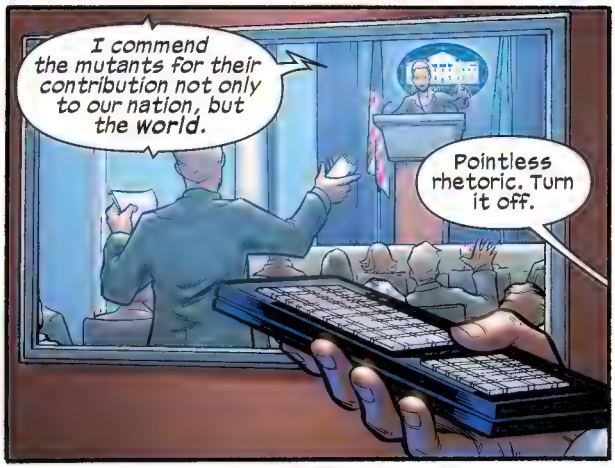
BOBBY DRAKE AKA ICEMAN.
JIMMY HUDSON.
So much of the conflict in the world happens when resources are scarce.
ORORO MUNROE AKA STORM.
NOMI BLUME AKA MACH TWO.
BETSY BRADDOCK AKA PSYLOCKE.
KENJI UEDO AKA ZERO.
Here in Utopia, we have some of the most talented, unique and capable people *anywhere*. We used those talents to come up with a solution.
How many times can you fight the same fight? A wise man once told me, you have to put down the gun.
Which means you have to let go of *prejudices*.
I believe that the world can be changed.
I believe that an act of charity is a seed that can sprout into goodwill.
So that's what we're offering the world.

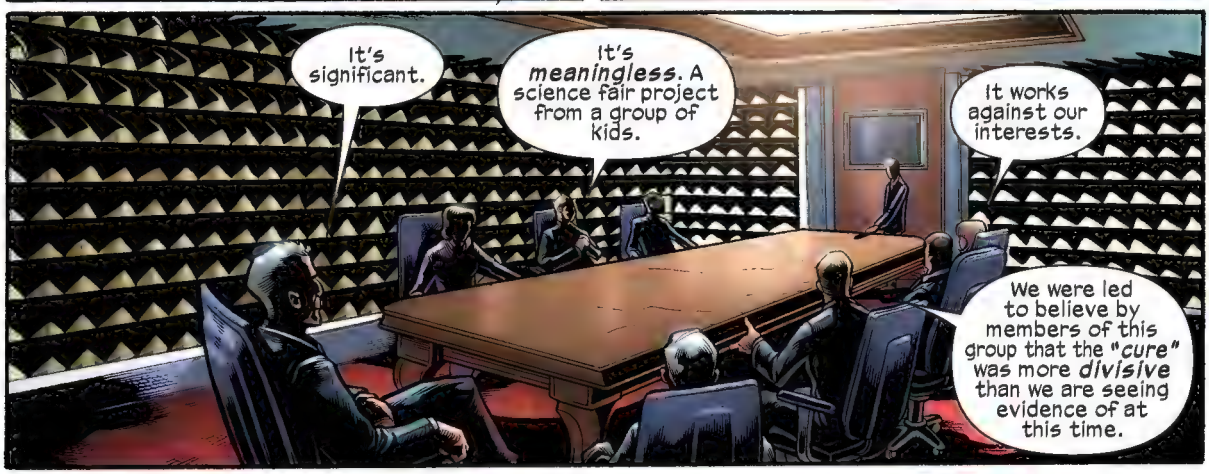
RESERVATION X PART THREE
WOOD/BARBERI/VLASCO/ABURTOV
This is a seed that grows in *any* climate.
A seed that immediately adapts to any conditions, programs itself according to its surroundings. A seed that can thrive in any type of soil.
We've named it the "*sentient seed.*"
And it will *end* world hunger.

SPECIAL EDITION
DAILY BUGLE
New York's Finest Daily Newspaper
UTANT REVELATI
SEED OF CHANGE?
Katherine Ann Pryde
VNN'S POINT OF VIEW
...but this is a gift! They aren't trying to make a profit!
Yes, but will farmers call it a gift?
Trust me, someone will make money here. It's naive for these mutants to think they can simply hand something like this over.
VNN
...have threatened legal action against the mutants for the dangerous "mutant seed," the food from which they believe could be harmful to humans.
According to one expert, it may even turn children into mutants...
Cannal
Seeds at work
NBS
...Tony Stark telling the press that Stark Industries will perform any necessary testing before distributing the seed...
Honestly, everyone wins here.
MNBCN
Headquarters
ANTHONY STARK
Industrialist
THE AFTERMATH OF THE SEED'S REVELATION
PRESIDENT ROGERS ADDRESSES TH
MNBCN
We aren't your enemy! You have to understand that our days of conflict are in the past.
This seed is a gift freely given, in hopes that one day, the world will see mutants as friends and partners, not threats...

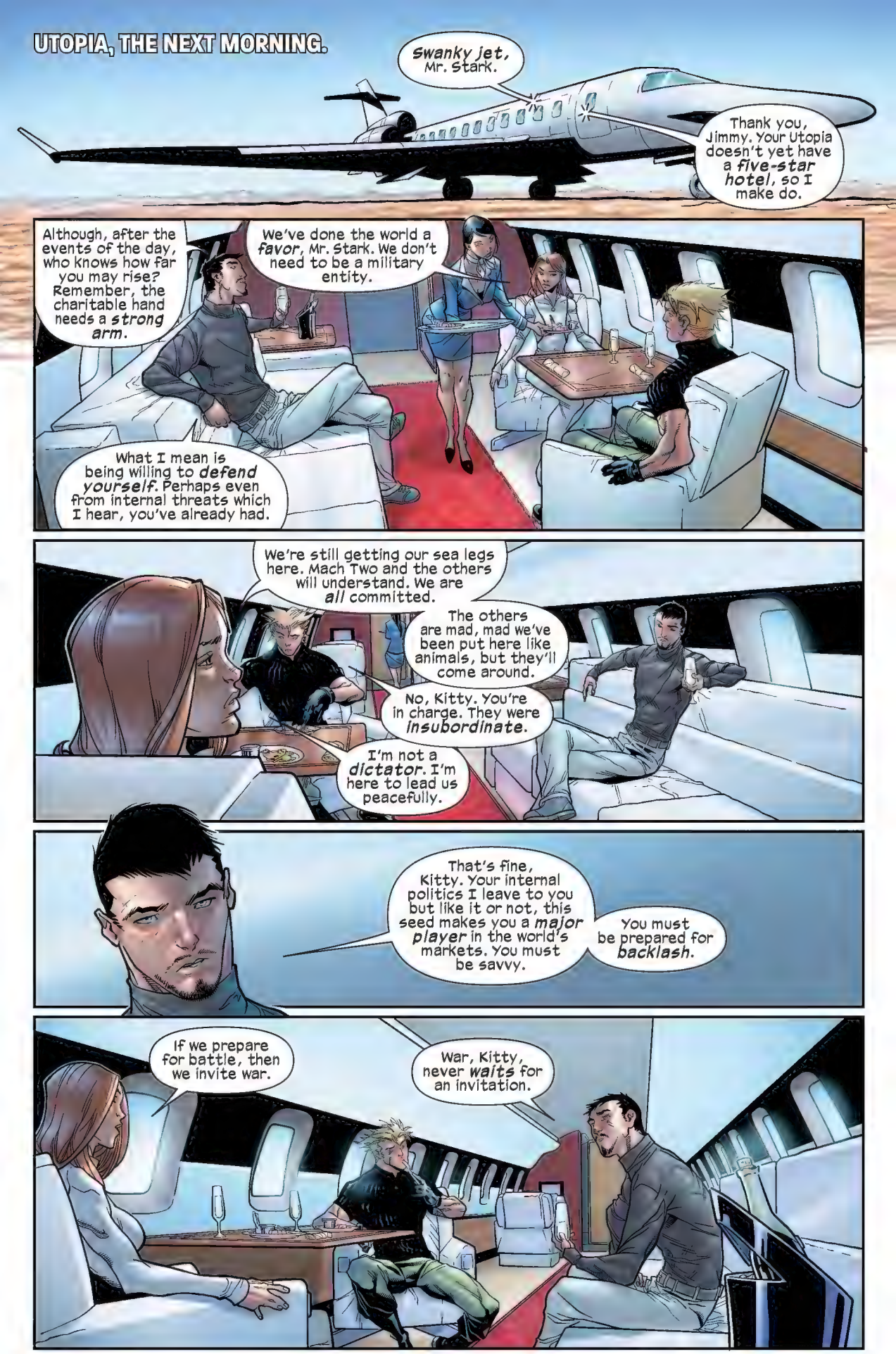

I see this as a stunning display of patriotism, a triumph for modern science, and an inspiring act of charity.
The government of the United States cannot take credit for the generosity of its former citizens.
But we can recognize acts like this one as an example of what makes our nation great.
WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON


Ms. Danvers, as chief of staff to President Rogers, what do you think about the economic impact of the seed?


I commend the mutants for their contribution not only to our nation, but the world.
Pointless rhetoric. Turn it off.


It's significant.
It's meaningless. A science fair project from a group of kids.
It works against our interests.
We were led to believe by members of this group that the "cure" was more divisive than we are seeing evidence of at this time.

We cannot proceed as planned with a volatile mutant population.
This reservation should have brushed them into the shadows. Did we not believe they would dwindle and disappear?
For God's sake, there are, what, all of twenty of them left?
We can make it fewer...


UTOPIA, THE NEXT MORNING.
Swanky jet, Mr. Stark.
Thank you, Jimmy. Your Utopia doesn't yet have a five-star hotel, so I make do.
Although, after the events of the day, who knows how far you may rise? Remember, the charitable hand needs a strong arm.
We've done the world a favor, Mr. Stark. We don't need to be a military entity.
What I mean is being willing to defend yourself. Perhaps even from internal threats which I hear, you've already had.
We're still getting our sea legs here. Mach Two and the others will understand. We are all committed.
The others are mad, mad we've been put here like animals, but they'll come around.
No, Kitty. You're in charge. They were insubordinate.
I'm not a dictator. I'm here to lead us peacefully.
That's fine, Kitty. Your internal politics I leave to you but like it or not, this seed makes you a major player in the world's markets. You must be savvy.
You must be prepared for backlash.
If we prepare for battle, then we invite war.
War, Kitty, never waits for an invitation.

We can defend ourselves, Tony. We *know* how to fight. They come knocking, we knock them down.
You think your enemies will decide to use non-lethal means against you? You haven't thought this through.
Mr. Stark, we don't want to fight anymore.
If we aren't an example to the world, we aren't anything. The seed is our opportunity to be *peacemakers--*
No, he's *right*, Kitty. We need to be ready.
It's this simple: If you discover gold, you put it in a safe.
Allow Stark to provide some surveillance and basic non-lethal *perimeter defenses*.
Remember, it's in my interest to keep you--and the product--secure.
What's next, a *press tour?*
We created the thing and now what? *Kitty* gets all the credit? She gets to call the shots? Don't we get a *say?*
She's the face of Utopia. Stark's just using her to make us all look normal.
You say that like it's *okay*, Storm.
He's *just* being a businessman.
His business at our *expense* and I don't remember Kitty *consulting* with any of us.
Come on, Blackheath. He's helping us. This is what we wanted, isn't it? To get the seed out there?
I didn't vote for that. I didn't vote for the seed and I didn't vote for Kitty to be *queen of the mutants*, either.

STARK INDUSTRIES
TUNK
Well it doesn't matter, anyway. The point was to help to make peace. To share this with the world.
Bah. Peace is *your* silly ideal, Zero. Who *cares* about peace? Did the world reach out and offer it to us? *No.*
Bitter, bitter man.
You were in the same camps as me, Storm. Maybe I'm bitter but I call it just being *realistic*. The world was content to look the other way while we were *abused*.
Until Kitty came along.
Her royal highness. Which is fine as long as we're all cozy. At some point, she's going to start to give orders and make demands.
All *"great leaders"* do.

TIAN.
"Tony Stark is *still* in Utopia.
"He's trying to help Kitty and the others."
Tony's nothing but a media diva. Don't fall for his grandstanding, Derek.
This is what the man does for a living. He just smells a profit. He's *using* them.
This'll blow over with the next news cycle. Just be patient.

I don't know, Karen. Kitty seems too smart to fall for any of that. Her alliance with Stark might be legit. What if this thing of theirs takes off?
Liz is right. We need to do something. The mutants in Tian are starting to talk.
People will always find something to talk about. Ignore it.
As long as we keep monitoring the situation, we'll be fine.
But the mutants here are talking about how Kitty fought down the Sentinels. They're passing around copies of her manifesto.
We haven't been truly unified in Tian since the war with The City.
Yeah, I mean, people are even saying that after everything she's accomplished, maybe Kitty should be the leader of Tian.
Don't fall for the hype. She won't last.
Utopia will never last.

UTOPIA.
The humans cast us out to a patch of dry rock and now Kitty makes them a peace offering?
It's disgusting.
We shouldn't have stopped fighting the humans.
We should have beaten them. Beaten them until they were in the ground, and then we should have kept beating them.
If we had bled them dry we wouldn't be meeting in ditches, would we? We could cast them out wherever we liked.
And now our self-elected "leader" invites them to the dinner table.
I assume you have better ideas?
I'm thinking.
We can't rush into anything. We have to lay this trap carefully.
If you can suppress her phase powers, why wait? What are we sitting around for?
I would happily provide a distraction until--
No.
Just killing her does what? We're just the bad guy punks then.
We need to humiliate her. We need to discredit her.

I've been communicating with someone who can help.
She's en route now and if we can turn her, it'll be the key to unravelling Kitty's world.
Kitty is a *traitor*, both to our kind and to our future.
She's not one of us.
If revenge on the humans is our plan, Kitty's gotta get taken care of first. We need to get her out of the way.
You don't have to remind me...
...Kitty Pryde's been holding me back since New York City.

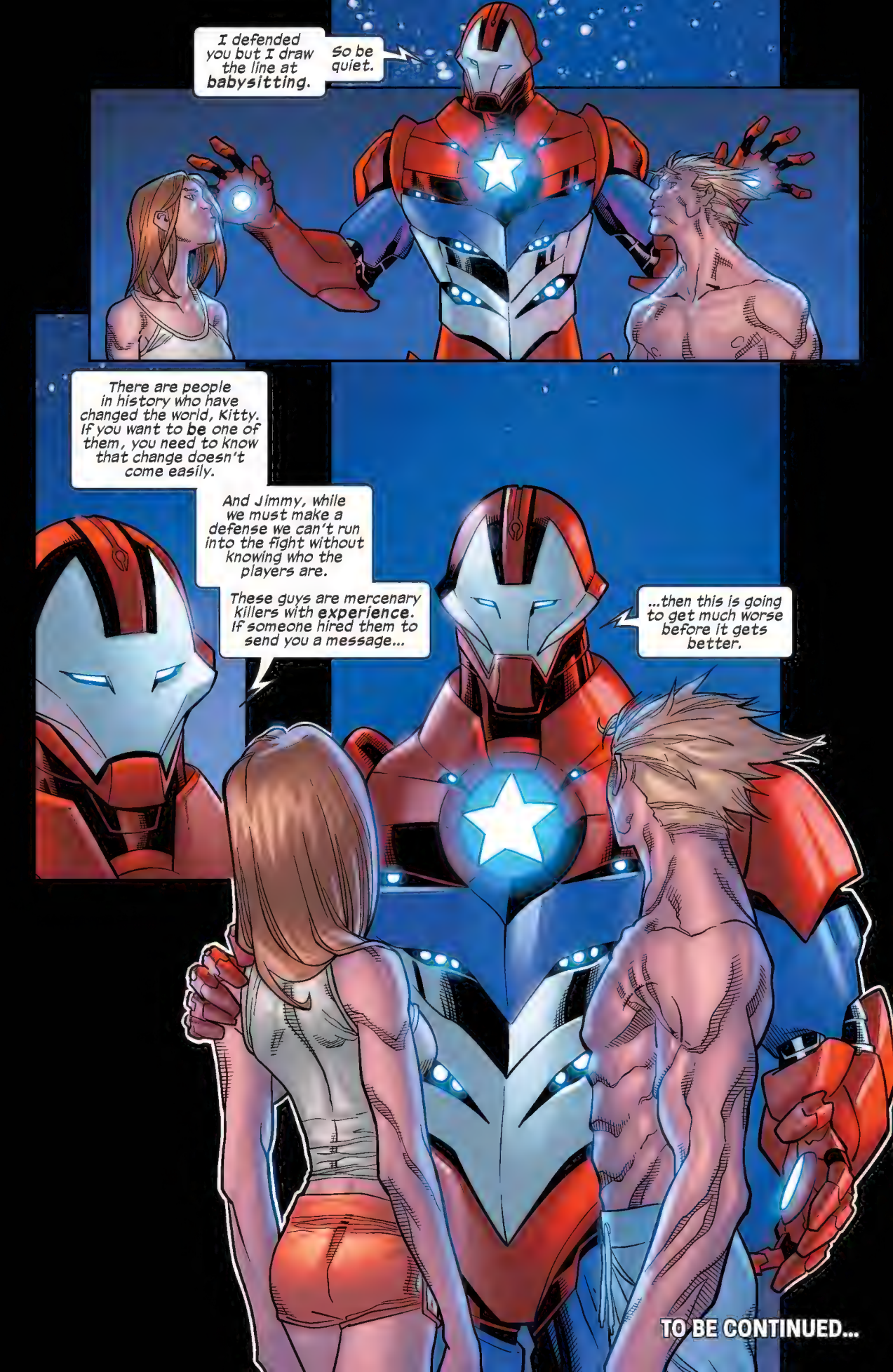
LATER.
CHK CHK CHK CHK

BRRRRP BRRRRP
PERIMETER ALERT
On my mark...
You gentlemen picked the wrong jet to sneak up on.
What the...?
I can't see!
I just disabled your infrared, gents. Sorry about that.
That's why you're seeing static instead of me kicking your butts.
BANG BANG
What the--

BANG
No, no no no!
Stop fighting!
SCOTT WRIGHT AKA MICROMAX.
GARAB BASHUR AKA BLACK BOX.
What were you thinking bringing a gun to a knife fight?
Everybody, stop fighting!
Kitty, they're too busy shooting at us to listen to you!
BANG BANG BANG
BANG
I'm not a fan of mercenaries who shoot at non-combatants. In fact I'm a--

PING
STARK INDUSTRIES
PING
PING
STARK INDUSTRIES
Shooting at Kitty was one thing.
But. That's. My. Favorite. Jet.
No. It's all wrong. No!
SLAM

We had a *deal*. We have a deal for protection!
Where is our protection? Captain America promised that the integrity of our borders would not be compromised.
Who sent you?
Answer her or these *claws* will go right through your *head*.
You.
This was a *refuge!* We were building peace! And you, you *slashed* and *cut* and *fought!*
I'm working with every ounce that I have in me and you, Jimmy, you don't *care!* You don't care, you just tear at our peace with your *claws!*
What did you expect me to do, Kitty, invite them in for coffee to talk it out? They came here with *guns*.
You want this new country, this brave new world, but you aren't willing to get your hands a little *dirty* to build it!
Well *someone* has to. And if it won't be your hands, it will be my *claws* and--
Enough.


I defended you but I draw the line at babysitting.
So be quiet.
There are people in history who have changed the world, Kitty. If you want to be one of them, you need to know that change doesn't come easily.
And Jimmy, while we must make a defense we can't run into the fight without knowing who the players are.
These guys are mercenary killers with experience. If someone hired them to send you a message...
...then this is going to get much worse before it gets better.
TO BE CONTINUED...

MARVEL

ISSUE 22

WOOD • EDMONDSON • BARBERI • VLASCO • ABURTOV

ULTIMATE COMICS™ X-MEN®

RESERVATION X

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The Washington Daily

MARKETS PANIC!

CNBS REAL-TIME

AGRA 5

UFAR

GROW 32

Turbo-Charched Seed

Stock prices continued to plummet today for U.S. agriculture futures...

...dropping between 15 and 18 points in some cases...

MORTA DES MUTANTS!

MORTA DES MUTANTS!

...In statements to the press, these drops are blamed squarely on the mutants and their leader K...

...is video of a riot in Paris where anti-mutant demonstrators turned violent...

THE ARIZONA TIMES

AFRAID OF CHANGE?

...having petitioned the French president to block any shipments from the so-called mutant reservation...

CALGARY POST-DISP

THE HAND THAT FEEDS TO

...two senators have added their voices to the call for sanctions, claiming:

"The mutants have once again proven that their agenda is decimating the American way of life, this time by killing the American economy with their so-called mutant seed."

...Tony Stark has so far refused to comment further from Utopia, though Stark Industries did enjoy a stock boost this week...

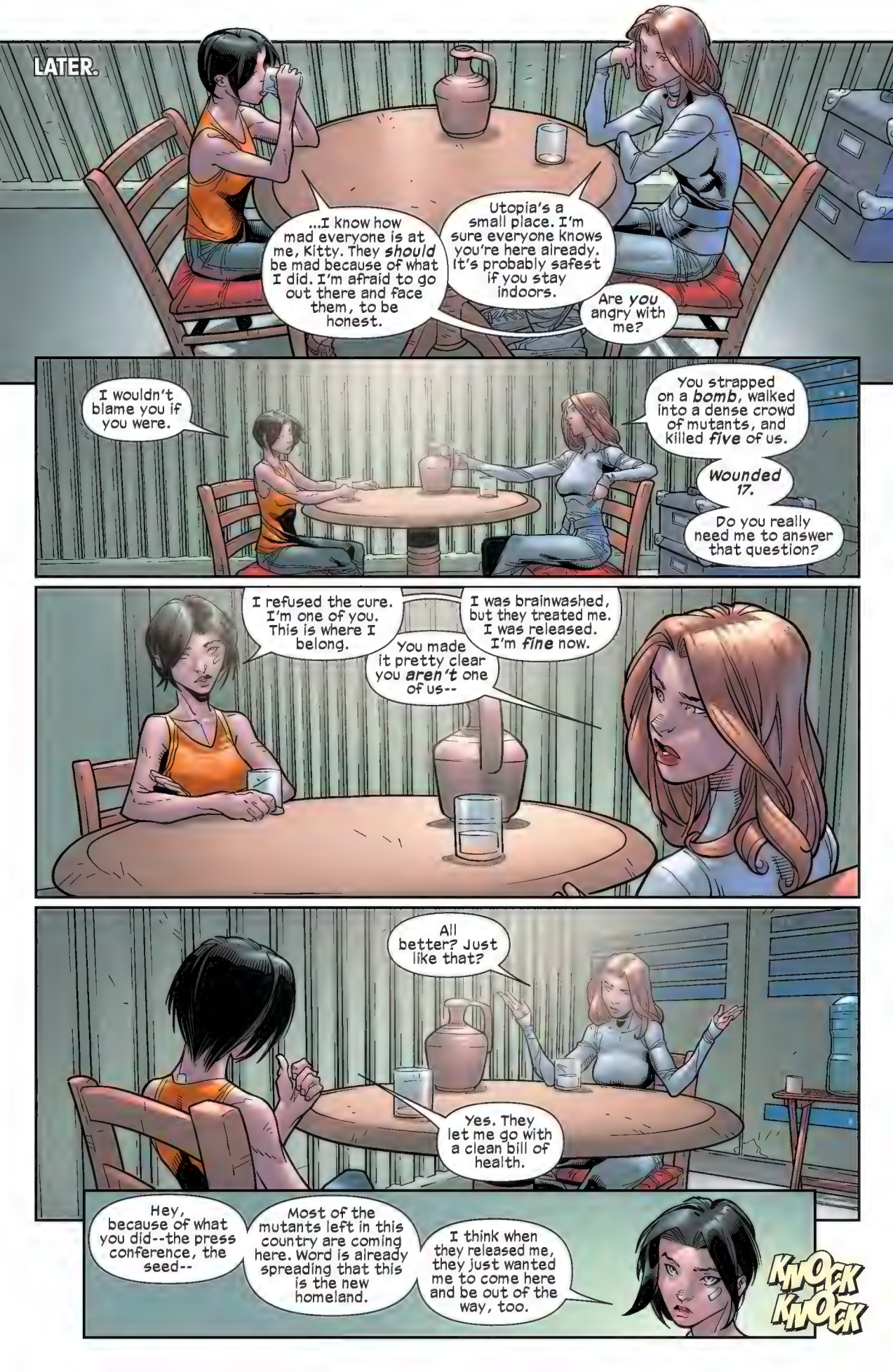
12.3%

MERCURY HERALD

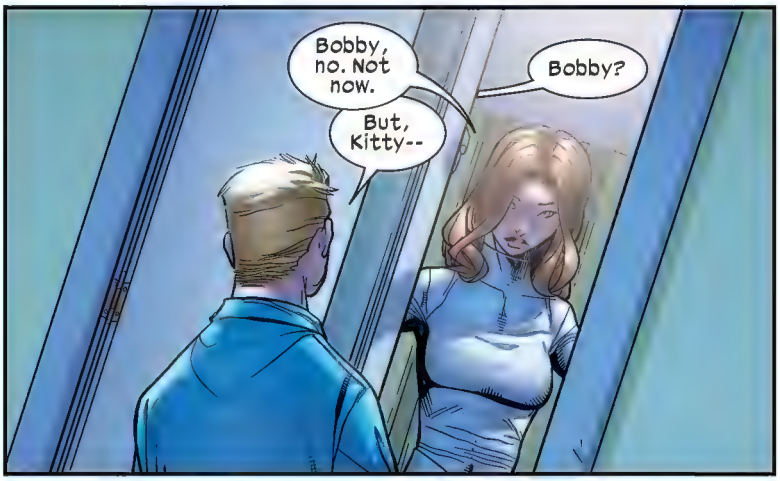
The Newspaper of Silicon Valley

RD WORLD COUNTRIES DEMAND THE SEED!

Wa...
Wa...
Husk?! Is that you?
Water...
No one touch her!
Rogue...
Storm, she tried to kill us all!
Someone get Kitty!
You got a lotta nerve coming here, girl...
...and something tells me you're going to wish you hadn't.


LATER.
...I know how mad everyone is at me, Kitty. They *should* be mad because of what I did. I'm afraid to go out there and face them, to be honest.
Utopia's a small place. I'm sure everyone knows you're here already. It's probably safest if you stay indoors.
Are *you* angry with me?
I wouldn't blame you if you were.
You strapped on a *bomb*, walked into a dense crowd of mutants, and killed *five* of us.
Wounded 17.
Do you really need me to answer that question?
I refused the cure. I'm one of you. This is where I belong.
I was brainwashed, but they treated me. I was released. I'm *fine* now.
You made it pretty clear you *aren't* one of us--
All better? Just like that?
Yes. They let me go with a clean bill of health.
Hey, because of what you did--the press conference, the seed--
Most of the mutants left in this country are coming here. Word is already spreading that this is the new homeland.
I think when they released me, they just wanted me to come here and be out of the way, too.
KNOCK KNOCK

Is Husk in there? They said she was. Let me see her--


Bobby, no. Not now.
But, Kitty--
Bobby?

Oh my gosh, it's you!
You made it. I'm so happy that you're here!
You're not mad at me?
-sigh-

No one else, okay?
Sorry, Kitty.
You should have seen the look on his face, though...
I'm just glad you're here...

Really?
Don't worry, I'll protect you.
No one's going to make you do anything like that ever again.
You're *home* now. *This* is home for you now.
RESERVATION X CONCLUSION
WOOD/EDMONDSON/BARBERI/VLASCO/ABURTOV

PERIMETER OF UTOPIA.
SIX MILES AWAY.
Let's put it right over here.
Uh, Mr. Stark? You don't think we should be putting up, I don't know, drone guns or something? Missiles, lasers?
You shouldn't shoot until you know who you're shooting at.
If they come without calling I think we can assume they aren't delivering pizzas. I mean, after the other attack...
You've suddenly become an economic entity, Jimmy, and that's a very different thing than just being a mutant "rebel." All sorts of people are paying very close attention to what you do next.
But to start thinking you're a nation with a military...?
You aren't prepared for what comes after that. You don't have the numbers or the allies.
Oh, we have weapons.
And we've proven we know how to use them. We liberated the Southwest.

Jimmy, I'm telling you what I'm telling you because you need to approach the idea of fighting maturely. Prudently.
If Kitty means to stick to this ideal of nonviolence, of peace through charity--and I'm not saying it's impossible...
...you're going to have to become her enforcer. She doesn't know how much that ideal depends upon you being in that role.
No. I want you to be *Utopia's* bodyguard. You will be the strong arm. Reserved, but capable. And preferably *invisible*.
You want me to be her bodyguard?
If you break the laws of commerce and trade, there are penalties. But if *they* think they can get away with it, they will wipe Utopia off the map.
You don't want to pick a fight with anyone.
But when the time is right...
...you may need to let the world know that there will be a *penalty* if they come after *you*.
I will be.
Kitty is your leader. Support her, and be prepared to *defend* her.
This is how a sovereign nation works. If you want to be one, you have to be ready.
BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP

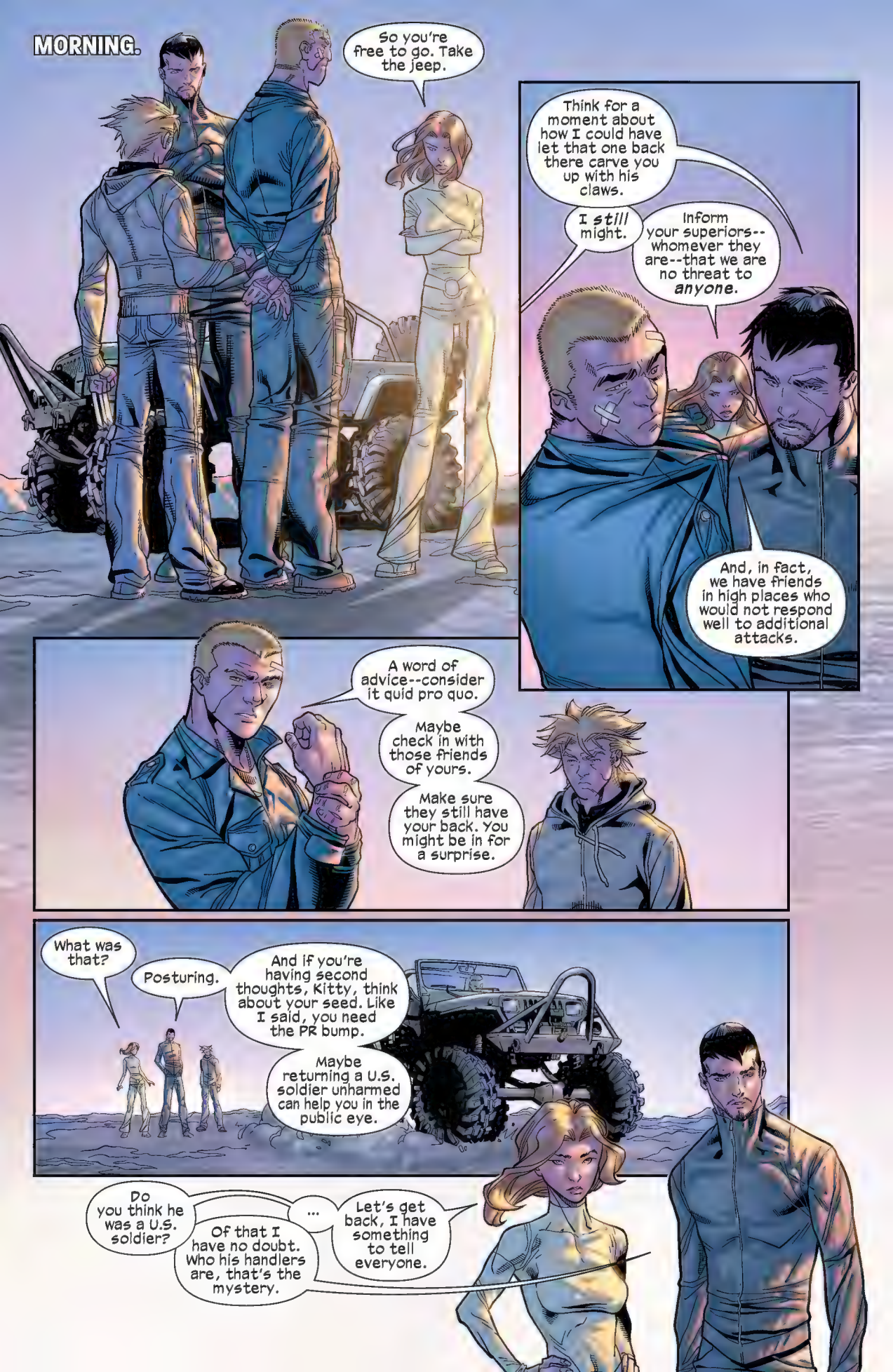
What is it?
Sensor alert. It's...
...an F-22. Weapons-hot.
Heading right for us.
But wait--
Stay here and cover me from the ground.
We may have more incoming...
But--
Sorry, Jimmy, this isn't a discussion.
Stay where you are.

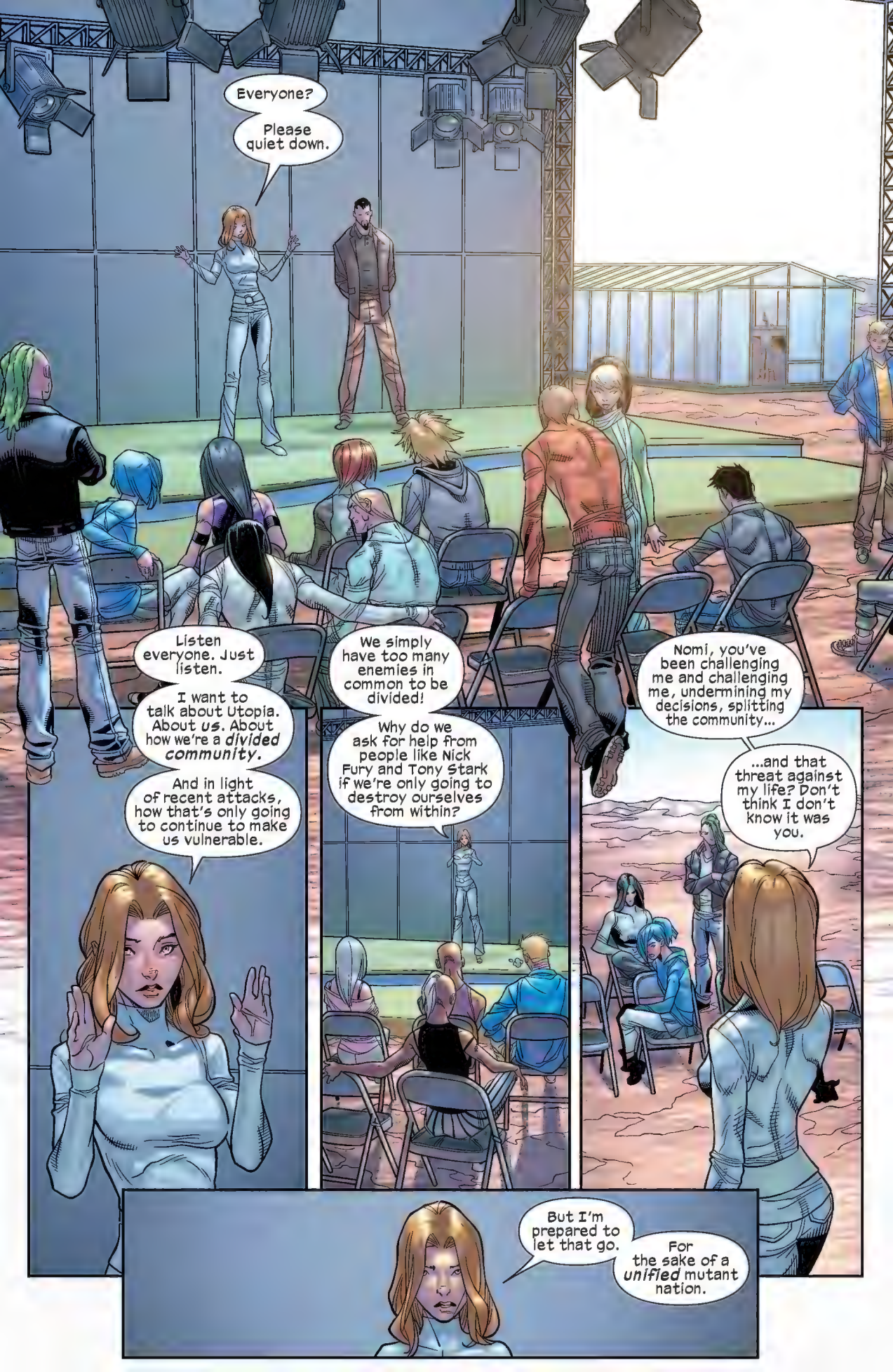
Whoa. I guess I don't need to ask if you're friendly or not, do I?
That's right. I have weapons of my own.
And I'm much better at using them.

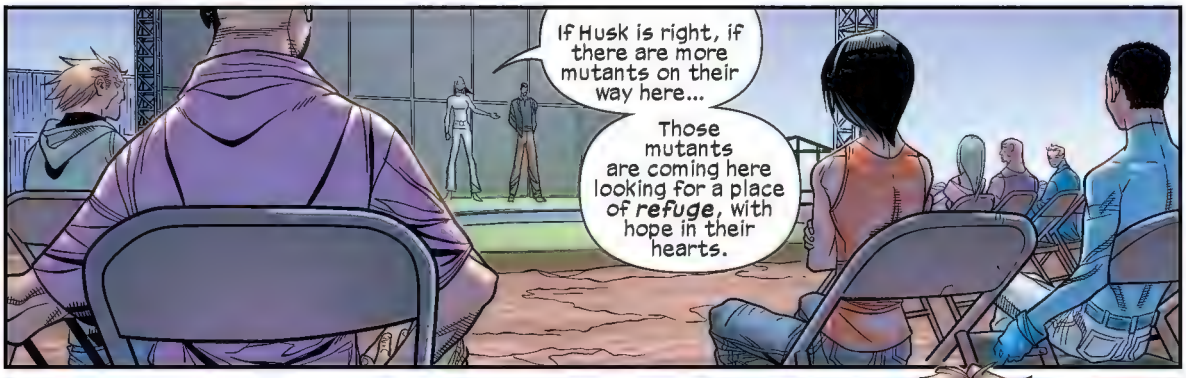
Oh, sure. You get to have all the fun.

Who sent you? Why did you come here?
Easy, Jimmy.
Talk now, or I swear to God...
Jimmy, this isn't how you do it. Weren't you listening? Help me bring him back to camp.
From there I'll call in S.H.I.E.L.D. to collect him like the others.
BEEP BEEP
SNIKT
What's that?
Another sensor alert. But...it's gone now.
Hey, @&*(¢*&, you got a friend up there?
May just be a bird.

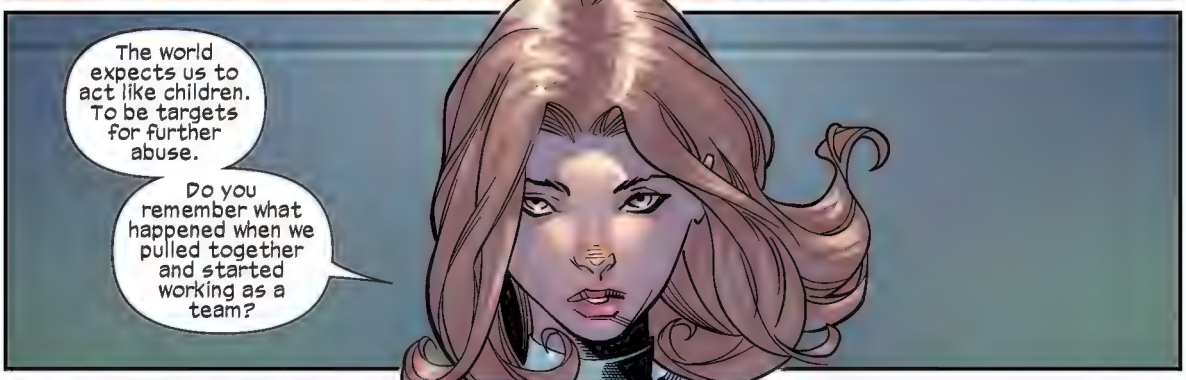
LATER.
I don't know who you are, or if you are a U.S. soldier or what--
Whoever prepped this mission of yours was smart to remove all markings and I.D. from your person...
...but this is protected land, a sovereign nation under the orders of President Rogers.
You just violated an international border.
Kitty, he's not going to talk. Don't waste your breath. Jimmy already tried.
So what do we do?
We chop him into small pieces and toss them into the desert for the coyotes.
Charming. But no.
But if you're still into setting an example, you might take this opportunity to flip the script a bit.
Send him back. Take the high road.
He'll take back the message that 20 kids out in the desert are maybe a tougher target than they might have thought.
And you, again, get to be the peaceful one. You could use that PR.
Fine. We let him go.
What the--?
It's *decided*, Jimmy.


MORNING.
So you're free to go. Take the jeep.
Think for a moment about how I could have let that one back there carve you up with his claws.
I still might.
Inform your superiors--whomever they are--that we are no threat to anyone.
And, in fact, we have friends in high places who would not respond well to additional attacks.
A word of advice--consider it quid pro quo.
Maybe check in with those friends of yours.
Make sure they still have your back. You might be in for a surprise.
What was that?
Posturing.
And if you're having second thoughts, Kitty, think about your seed. Like I said, you need the PR bump.
Maybe returning a U.S. soldier unharmed can help you in the public eye.
Do you think he was a U.S. soldier?
Of that I have no doubt. Who his handlers are, that's the mystery.
...
Let's get back, I have something to tell everyone.


Everyone?
Please quiet down.
Listen everyone. Just listen.
I want to talk about Utopia. About *us*. About how we're a *divided community*.
And in light of recent attacks, how that's only going to continue to make us vulnerable.
We simply have too many enemies in common to be divided!
Why do we ask for help from people like Nick Fury and Tony Stark if we're only going to destroy ourselves from within?
Nomi, you've been challenging me and challenging me, undermining my decisions, splitting the community...
...and that threat against my life? Don't think I don't know it was you.
But I'm prepared to let that go.
For the sake of a *unified* mutant nation.


If Husk is right, if there are more mutants on their way here...
Those mutants are coming here looking for a place of *refuge*, with hope in their hearts.

Is this what we want them to find when they come here?
Arguing and fighting and backstabbing and grudge-holding? No.
I have said we want to be an example to the world. Well that starts with each of us being an example to one another *first*.

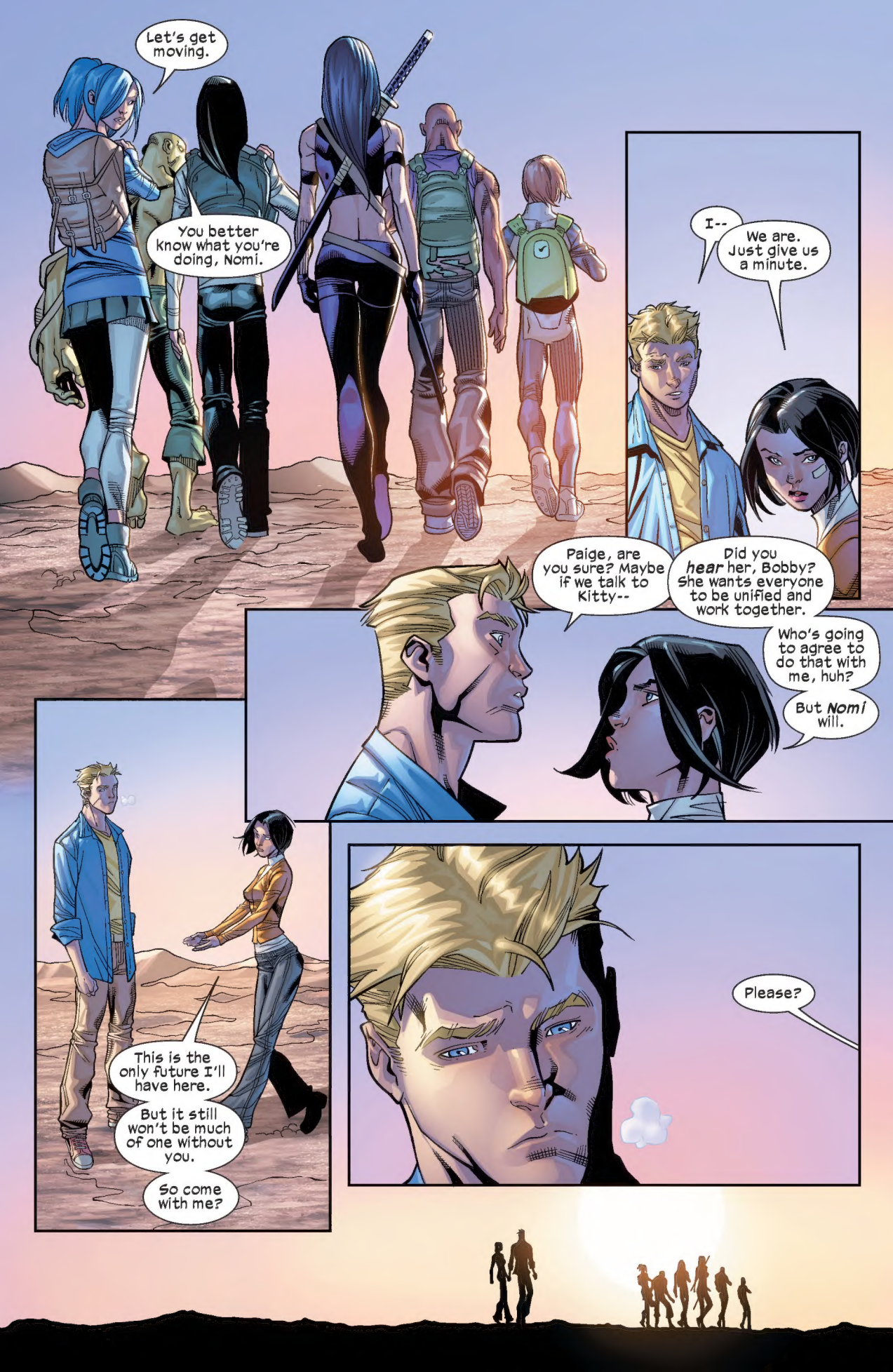

The world expects us to act like children. To be targets for further abuse.
Do you remember what happened when we pulled together and started working as a team?

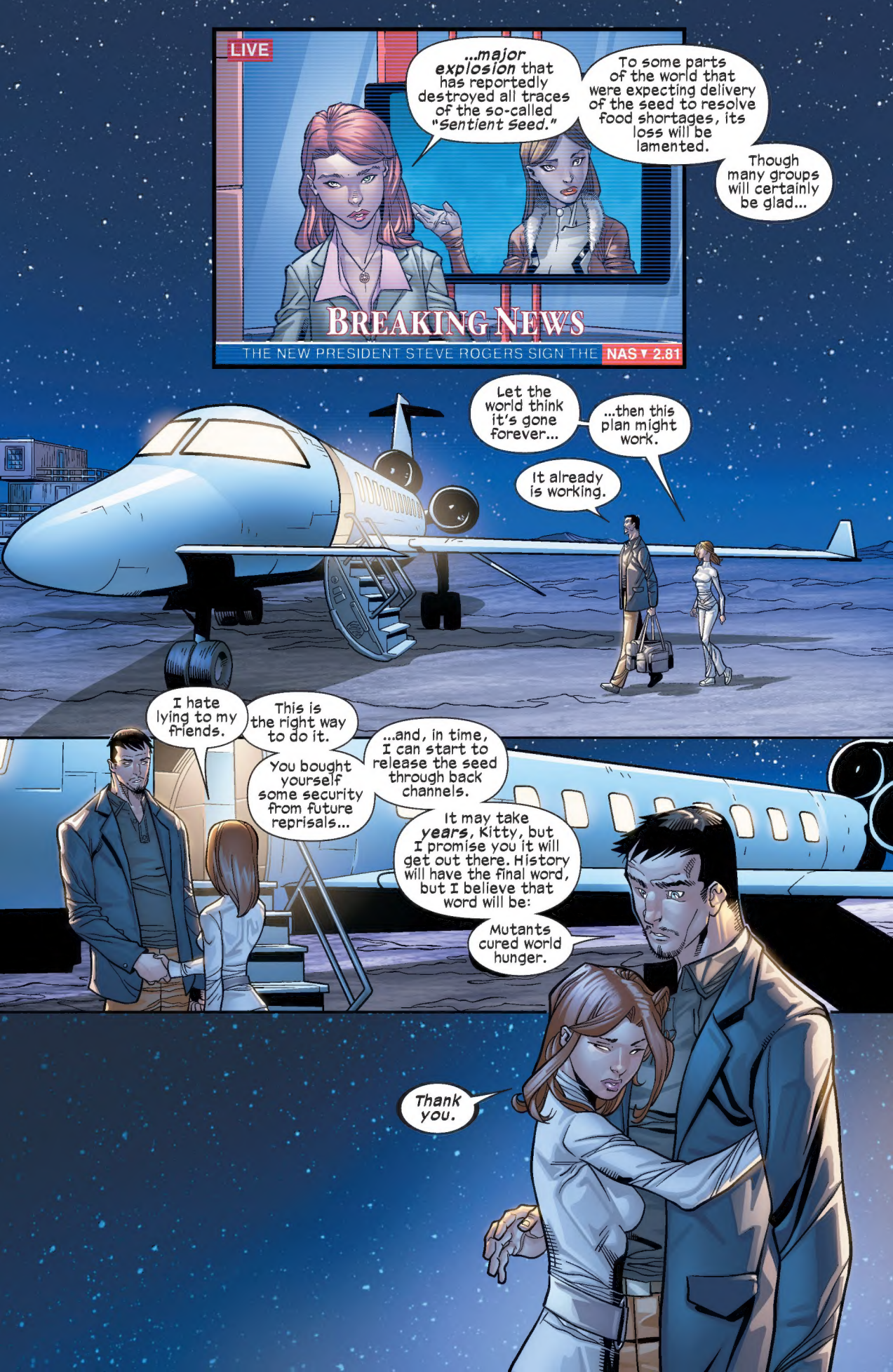
We liberated the camps!
We killed the Sentinels!
We won our freedom!

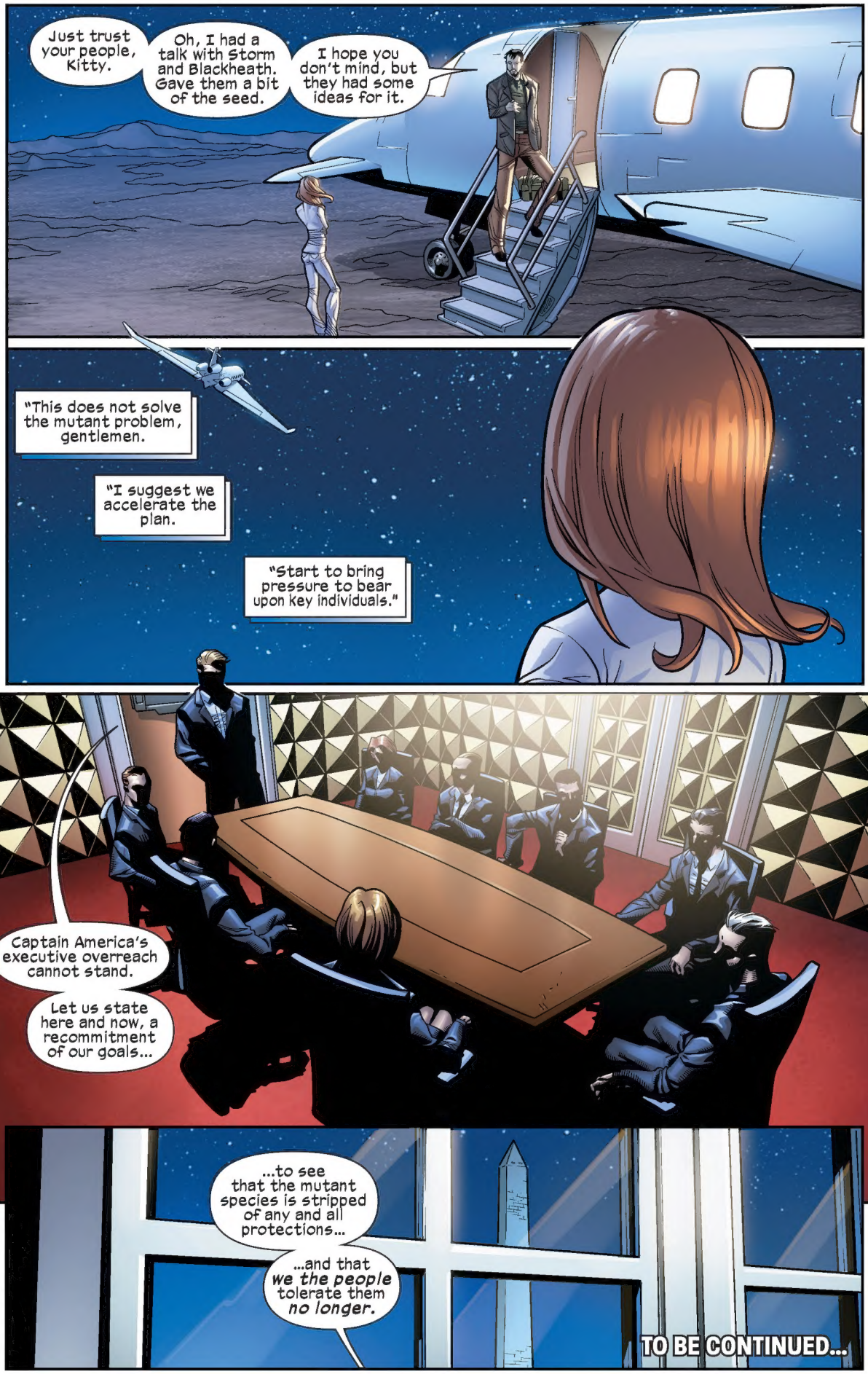
We did *all* that. *Together*.
And we can build a homeland, *together*.
All we have to do is to prove to the worst of them out there how *wrong* they are to doubt us.

For the future of mutantkind!
For Uto--
KRAAAAOOOOMMMM

cough
cough
The greenhouse!
It was Mach Two. It *had* to be her.
Even she wouldn't do this...I don't think?
If any of you had any doubts before, I hope it's clear to you. Kitty cuts deals with the humans, and what do we get?
Cheated, attacked, bombed...
Unless she set off this bomb herself.
At this point, can we rule anything out?
Let's go. We need to get away from Kitty, away from *all of them.*
We'll find a safe place, settle in, and start a *true* mutant nation.


Let's get moving.
You better know what you're doing, Nomi.
I--
We are. Just give us a minute.
Paige, are you sure? Maybe if we talk to Kitty--
Did you *hear* her, Bobby? She wants everyone to be unified and work together.
Who's going to agree to do that with me, huh?
But *Nomi* will.
This is the only future I'll have here.
But it still won't be much of one without you.
So come with me?
Please?


LIVE
...major explosion that has reportedly destroyed all traces of the so-called "sentient seed."
To some parts of the world that were expecting delivery of the seed to resolve food shortages, its loss will be lamented.
Though many groups will certainly be glad...
BREAKING NEWS
THE NEW PRESIDENT STEVE ROGERS SIGN THE
NAS ▼ 2.81
Let the world think it's gone forever...
...then this plan might work.
It already is working.
I hate lying to my friends.
This is the right way to do it.
You bought yourself some security from future reprisals...
...and, in time, I can start to release the seed through back channels.
It may take years, Kitty, but I promise you it will get out there. History will have the final word, but I believe that word will be:
Mutants cured world hunger.
Thank you.


Just trust your people, Kitty.
Oh, I had a talk with Storm and Blackheath. Gave them a bit of the seed.
I hope you don't mind, but they had some ideas for it.
"This does not solve the mutant problem, gentlemen.
"I suggest we accelerate the plan.
"Start to bring pressure to bear upon key individuals."
Captain America's executive overreach cannot stand.
Let us state here and now, a recommitment of our goals...
...to see that the mutant species is stripped of any and all protections...
...and that *we the people* tolerate them *no longer.*
TO BE CONTINUED...